

CULTURAL PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Dr. William Macdonald.
WAR MEMORIAL (Illustrated). By Edmond L. Warre.

COUNTRY LIFE

AVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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FOREST FIRES

WHEN afforestation is begun in earnest in this country it will be well to take a lesson from the Continent in regard to the prevention of fire in the plantations. This did not enter much into the calculations of the old-fashioned British forester, because hard wood trees used to prevail in the old time, and with them the danger of fire is not so great as with the resinous conifera. What may happen, however, has just been exemplified in France. On a thirty mile front between Toulon and Nice forest fires have raged for days, almost for weeks. It is estimated that no less than 20,000 acres of woodland have been consumed. Two hamlets, Fumas and Compaux, and the commune of La Mâle have been destroyed. In one night the Dom Forest was utterly destroyed. This occurrence is not rare on the Continent, where it is perfectly well known that at certain seasons of the year the plantations are liable to take fire and that the conflagration assumes very formidable proportions. The danger, however, can be to a large extent obviated by the modern system of planting. That is what

our forest people should keep in view. They want to plant their trees in blocks, and between the blocks should be wide grassy spaces or drives. Nor is that enough. It is also to be advised that in addition to the green drive, which is usually about 20yds. in breadth, there should be a border to the plantation. This is planted with deciduous trees, the water-loving alder being a great favourite in Belgium, because it grows so quickly and yields nice wood for garden and farm purposes when it is only a few years old. Its appetite for water gives it a certain fire-resisting quality. But the protective border is not sown entirely with one species, but with a mixed collection of trees, all of which bear the same character of producing green fire-resisting leaves in abundance. In order to encourage the growth of these saplings it is customary in some districts to plant blue lupines near the roots, this leguminous plant adding to the fertility of the soil by absorbing nitrogen from the air.

Another precaution, as was pointed out in a recent article in COUNTRY LIFE, is that of building a watch tower sufficiently high to afford a view of the entire forest. It is usually placed near the house of the farmer or the chief forester, and in a photograph might easily be mistaken for a bell tower or a church spire. The fires occur most frequently in early spring before the young growth has done more than appear and the witherings of last year are all round the trees so dry that they are inflammable to a high degree. Anyone in this country who has been in the habit of burning gorse knows how the fire most usually occurs. Early in the year the grass and other herbage which has been growing round and through the gorse bush is dry and easily lighted. Put a match to the herbage and the bush itself will be lighted, while if a moderately stiff breeze be blowing, the raging and destroying flames will soon spread over acres. It is exactly the same with a forest. Inside a close plantation there is no vegetation, but the "pins and needles," as we used to call them, fall year after year, and in their rotting condition cannot be easily set on fire. But on the edge of the wood it is very difficult to avoid in summer a rampant growth of weeds and rough grass which, after the rains, frosts and winds of autumn and winter, rustle dry to the breeze in spring. A match thrown into this dead, withered herbage is enough to start a fire. This, however, was not the cause of that which has just occurred in France. It appears that there had been a considerable amount of cutting for war purposes, and that the lop and top of the trees had been left lying about till they became very dry. The dead wood caught fire and was the cause of the catastrophe.

Our forest authorities have tried to avoid this happening by employing women war workers to gather the dry wood and burn it in heaps but this is rather wasteful, as much of this wood could be used as fuel by the peasantry and others if they were allowed to buy it; in fact, it fetches a good price at a time like this when coal is at a premium. But it is premature, indeed it is always premature, to speak of forestry as a practical everyday business in Great Britain. The present moment is the most favourable possible for making a start. The country, it is evident, is ripe for reclamation, and a great deal of expense and worry will be saved if forestry and reclamation go hand in hand. At first both the Dutch and the Belgians, having been accustomed to the uses and convenience of forests near their homes, planted far too much. They covered more ground with trees than with agricultural crops, but as time passed they reversed the process, as they found that the farm crops were more profitable than the forest trees. The ideal way would be to set out the land and plant the trees only where the ground was not good enough for agricultural purposes. If the two went on simultaneously they, in conjunction, would offer a splendid chance of providing work for the ex-soldiers and at the same time give them a chance of getting on to the land as owners.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE a new portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland, who was married in 1912, and is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Lanesborough. Her Grace was appointed Mistress of the Robes to Queen Mary in 1916.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES



BY the sudden death of Lord Beresford, which occurred while he was the guest of the Duke of Portland in Scotland, a picturesque and lovable personality has been lost to the country. Sir Charles Beresford, as he was known in the day of his greatest fame, was one of those men who wield a charm over their contemporaries. He began by being a bad boy, using the phrase in the affectionate way in which a mother would apply it. Tales of his wild spirit, his love of mischief for mischief's sake in Ireland and at the home of his aunt, Louisa Marchioness of Waterford, are innumerable, but of a kind that endeared him from the first to the inexpressibly human and tolerant public. In the Service he was a brave and dashing officer. The phrase, "Well done, Condor!" signalled by his commander when in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 he bombarded the shore forces at Alexandria regardless of the shells, any one of which might have sunk his little warship, has reverberated ever since. When he came into politics his frank manliness and loyalty to the Navy, coupled with a determination to make it as efficient as he knew how, won for him the golden opinions of all sorts of people. He lived a vigorous, breezy life, and to many of his contemporaries it must appear as though one of the dearest of their friends had passed away in his presence.

A MOVEMENT in the right direction is a correct description of the deduction to be drawn from the export and import returns for August. There is a diminution of imports and an increase of exports. The most satisfactory feature is that exports have increased in value from £46,000,000 in 1918 to £90,000,000. From this apparent growth, however, a considerable amount must be deducted owing to the large increase in value. Still, after that has been done there remains a considerable balance to the good. The worst feature of the export returns is that coal has dropped from £9,000,000 to £6,400,000. The quantity exported was 2,170,813 tons, against 3,427,556 tons exported during the preceding month and nearly 6,000,000 tons exported in August, 1913. This is a weakness in the situation which must be remedied before any striking advance can be made. The improved returns in regard to cotton, iron and steel, jute and woollen goods and worsted are hopeful, as showing that British enterprise and tenacity are fighting bravely against the difficulties confronting them. With anything like a fair chance, the manufacturers of this country would very quickly return to pre-war prosperity, and to bring that consummation about it will be necessary to bring still more pressure to bear upon increased production.

AT the meeting of the British Association at Bournemouth this week one of the most interesting days should be that devoted to the study of agriculture during the war. Papers are to be read by three men who have taken a prominent part in directing it. One is Professor Woods of Cambridge, who has been the leading authority as to the food value of products. Sir Thomas Middleton may be taken as representing the work done by the Board of Agriculture, and Dr. Russell of Rothamsted should be able to give a very

fascinating account of the greater science which has been brought to bear on husbandry during the critical years. Among them these three should be able to give a valuable account of agricultural activity. Their papers are bound to be, in the best sense of the word, historical. So far we have lived too close to the picture to see it as it will appear to future generations, but we cannot imagine that a time will ever come when the German attempt to starve this country and the manner and resource with which the threat was frustrated will not be told by the chronicler. It is safe to prophesy that a hundred years hence the achievement of Great Britain in this respect will loom far larger in the imagination than it does to-day.

THE reports relating to British crops in August are less reassuring than those of the previous months. Harvesting, especially in the South of England, has been very seriously interfered with by the rain. So far only a small amount of threshing has been done, and if the results are to be taken as a guide they show that earlier hopes are not in the way of being fulfilled. It is not only that there has been a partial failure of crops, but the changes in cultivation are bound to generate uneasiness. There has been a slight increase in the area of arable land in 1919 as compared with last year, according to the Board of Agriculture, but there is reason to believe that this is fallacious. On nearly every farm there is a field or fields in which cultivation never was completed, especially on the clay lands. First there was a very rainy early spring when heavy clay could not be worked. Then followed a drought in which it became so hard that ploughing again was difficult. The result is seen in what the Board calls "a substantial decrease in the amount of land devoted to corn crops." The wheat area has diminished by 336,000 acres, or 13 per cent., the total acreage having gone back to 2,250,000. In regard to livestock, cattle have just maintained the previous position, but there is a slight decrease in the dairy herd. The number of sheep has fallen materially from last year's total, and the "flocks of the country are now smaller than in any previously recorded year." The slight recovery in the number of pigs is not sufficient to make good the deficiency. These facts, along with others that scarcely need recapitulation here, point to a serious scarcity of foodstuffs in the coming winter.

AN ETRUSCAN TOMB.

An Etruscan lady lies
Here beneath Italian skies:
Where the cypresses arise
An Etruscan lady lies.

See her effigy of stone
All with roses overgrown:
In a garden, left alone,
See her effigy of stone.

Touch her hand and say Adieu!
Man, she loved a man like you:
Woman, she was woman too . . .
Touch her hand and say Adieu.

M. MELVILLE BALFOUR.

WE are glad that the Board of Agriculture has issued a warning to growers and allotment holders in regard to the terrible wart disease which has been attacking potatoes. The spread of it cannot but cause a great deal of apprehension. In the North and Midlands it was the cause of a great deal of loss for years, and southern growers seemed to think it was in some measure a result of climatic conditions in the district where it appeared. Recently, however, it has been reported in the South-Western Counties, and the Board will now have before it the very difficult task of extirpation. In this even a grower on a small scale may co-operate. It is not difficult to recognise the presence of a disease which, indeed, is of a disgusting nature. Every case should be reported, and after its occurrence care should be taken to set only such varieties as are guaranteed by the Board to be immune from wart disease.

IN the course of a private letter a correspondent writes: "Last Saturday afternoon I had occasion to motor for a considerable distance in Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and often I caught myself wondering if it were not Sunday. The afternoon was sunny and breezy, an exceptionally fine one for getting on with the harvest, but the fields were absolutely empty of human figures. There was corn not yet cut, there was corn lying unshocked on the stubble, and some at least looked dry enough for leading

though it might well have been too damp to yield so quickly to the drying wind. But, even supposing there were no cereals fit for carting, abundance of other work was crying out to be done. Yet nobody was there to do it, for Saturday is the half holiday of the agricultural labourer and he was taking full advantage of it. Not even the chance of earning a little money by overtime could tempt him to remain past the dinner hour. Surely this is altogether wrong. The ingathering of the harvest is a matter of great national concern, and recently the farm labourers have had many idle days owing to the rain, and in the natural course of things will have many more in the coming weeks. Surely the farmer is not unreasonable when he argues that if he pays, as pay he must, those workers when there is nothing to do, they might in return give up a half holiday in harvest and help him in with his wheat. The situation would be laughable if it were not so serious." Every one who knows will endorse the opinion of our correspondent.

THOMAS HARDY in his day has played many parts. He was an architect to begin with; he is a gardener by love; he wrote novels that are the delight of those who admire either character or rural landscape; he wrote the finest of all our war poems and has added the poet's bay to his other distinctions. But the last position in which one expected to find him was that to which he has been elected, namely, the first honorary member of a new pig club. Mr. Hardy is nothing if not human, and it is entirely in accordance with his past career that he should take a lively interest in the development of the saddleback, a pig which, after having for centuries enjoyed a wild existence in the forest, has now been brought within the pale of Christianity and has a herd book all to itself. Long may it and the new honorary member flourish.

THERE is a passage in Dr. Macdonald's account of agricultural progress in South Africa, printed in another part of the journal, which can scarcely pass without attracting attention. In talking of the founding of the very efficient Transvaal Department of Agriculture, he says in a matter of fact way and without a scintilla of animus that the model taken was that of the National Department of Agriculture at Washington, and that its original plan has never been varied, only enlarged and extended. It is not flattering to be told that Mr. Smith and his colleagues were more impressed by the American department than by the feeble and timid effort at that time of the British Board of Agriculture and the Universities in the homeland. On the other hand, Dr. Macdonald has much praise to bestow on Lord Milner, Lord Selborne and other statesmen. His picture of Lord Selborne is particularly attractive, "smoking his pipe and preaching the gospel of the golden sovereigns which were to be won, not only in the deep levels of the Rand Gold Mines, but also in the surface levels of the soil."

INTELLIGENCE which has arrived from Holland shows that the ex-Kaiser is not entirely enfranchised from the little worries of life, even though it leads to the inference that he is not much perturbed by the threat of a legal trial. On the contrary, the fact that he has purchased from Baroness van Heemstra the Huize Doorn estate would suggest that he is not much disturbed by the dread of execution. The worry came when he was asked to sign the bill of purchase. He wanted to write "Wilhelm," as if he still could employ the style of emperor. But the notary, like all his kind, punctilious about these matters, suggested that he should write "Wilhelm von Hohenzollern." The Kaiser without a crown refused, but eventually a compromise was reached and the notary accepted the signature of "Wilhelm aus dem Hause Hohenzollern."

LORD LEE has sent an admirable circular letter to the councils and boroughs, metropolitan boroughs and urban districts explaining the amendment to the Land Settlement Act which came into operation on August 19th. Its general tendency is to encourage local authorities to provide allotments as far as possible. They cannot economically purchase urban land because it has a building price, but wherever practical they should hire it. The President of the Board of Agriculture sets out reasons for this stimulation of allotment holders: "It provides healthy and profitable occupation, fosters a spirit of co-operation and good-will and does much to allay industrial unrest and disturbance." Anyone who has had the pleasure of watching the allotment man or his children industriously turning up the soil, digging and sowing will fully endorse the opinion expressed by the President of the Board of Agriculture.

THE country has reason to be thankful for the real note of statesmanship in the presidential address delivered by Mr. Stuart Bunning to the Trades Union Congress at Glasgow. If Labour could be induced to share the view he expressed, a sense of security would grow, and with that would inevitably come a return of the old prosperity of this country. Mr. Bunning spoke as one who recognises that by the establishment of peace a great cloud has been lifted. Sunshine is once more pouring over the landscape. But the people on that landscape are weary and still suffering from the reaction of fighting. They have grievances, no doubt, but the President of the Congress showed that to resort to "direct action" in the hour of triumph would be suicidal folly. Labouring men have nothing to gain from action which would lead to a temporary or permanent collapse of civilisation.

THE name of Mr. Fernie has for so long been a household word in the hunting world that the news of his death, which took place on Monday at Keythorpe Hall, Leicestershire, will come as a shock to hunting men. As Master of the Fernie pack he was ideal, and during the long period of his reign—he took it over in 1888—as good sport was shown there as in any other part of England or in the time of either of his predecessors. The latter were Mr. Tailby and Sir Bache Cunard. Both were brilliant Masters, but they were not more brilliant than Mr. Fernie. He had the first requisite in a pronounced degree, that is, a passionate love of hunting. When he was married to Edith, the younger daughter of Mr. Thomas Hardcastle of Blaston Hall, Leicestershire, in 1900, the ceremony was performed early in the forenoon, and within an hour of leaving the church bride and bridegroom were following the hounds—a novel but most appropriate way of keeping a marriage feast. His laurels were won in a difficult country, the best, in fact, of high Leicestershire, and a place to which hard riders resorted in the assurance that they would not be disappointed. Mr. Fernie, in addition to being devoted to hunting, had a natural eye for a good hound as much as for a good horse, and took the deepest interest in kennel affairs. In fact, he was in every respect an ideal Master of Hounds.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

I cannot give you flowers of Spring,
Simple and fresh and pearled with dew,
For gold had touched the Summer trees
Before I ever met with you.

I cannot give my vanished youth,
Those years, alas! are past recall;
But what is left is yours in truth,
And one gives much—if one gives all.

And lovers in the Autumn woods
Find music, though the birds are dumb,
For them there is Eternal Youth
And promise of a Spring to come.

CELIA CONGREVE.

AT a time when so many of one's acquaintances are revelling in the glory of Scotland's bent and heather it may interest some to have the impression made by hill and moor on a well educated but extremely practical young lady who went to Scotland for the first time this year. Her comment, which we extract from a private letter, was that the district, very far north, was the wildest she had ever seen. "Looking from my bedroom window," she said, "there are great bare hills and streams running down them. They make me think of flannels!"

THE Norfolk oil mystery is cleared up in a way that reminds one of the solution of many a ghost story. It was all due to a plot made by one of those outrageous flappers who have achieved fame and prominence during the war. But she was not clever enough to circumvent the intelligence of a gentleman who is described as an illusionist. This, by the way, is a profession new to us, though it may be a common enough calling in Norfolk. He seems to have suspected the apparently guileless maid, and succeeded in having her banished for a couple of days while, during her absence, he filled certain oil barrels with salt and water. There was no drip during her absence, and when she came back briny tears that were not her own percolated through the ceiling instead of the oil. *Solventur risu tabula!*

ETON WAR MEMORIAL

By EDMOND L. WARRE.

[Eton, of course, is to have its war memorial. A large sum has already been subscribed and a committee has long been deliberating what form it should take. Unlike Winchester, where a great deal of destruction and pulling down is to precede a vast amount of building up again without very large increase of efficiency, Eton appears inclined to give precedence to a scheme of distinct and practical educational advantage such as an addition to scholarships and exhibitions. That is solid and reasonable. But one permanent and arresting architectural feature seems also very desirable since it will daily recall to future generations of Etonians what sacrifice was made by those of this generation in order that England might be victorious and thus Eton remain flourishing. That being so, Mr. Warre's suggestion of a tower and his design for it are certainly worth consideration. We therefore publish his scheme in his own words and illustrate it with photographs to which he has added the proposed tower in pencil, thus enabling us to judge of its appearance from all points, and of its effectiveness as an addition to an existing group of buildings.—ED.]



HOW THE PROPOSED TOWER WOULD LOOK FROM THE RIVER.

I HAVE for some while had the desire for a memorial tower at Eton, and discussions on the memorial with a number of Etonians and also with some non-Etonians have confirmed me in the view that a tower would give the best permanent expression of the sentiments now and in the future likely to be entertained on this matter.

In the process of working at the idea I have imagined towers on several sites, sometimes in conjunction with other features and sometimes alone. A design at the entrance to Weston's Yard dwindled down to a gate-house, as I felt that to challenge the eye with anything higher at that point would be a mistake, and I was ultimately led to the selection of a site at the west end of the chapel. After the South African War there was a general desire for "something in the chapel," and the same trend of opinion is now apparent, but more so than formerly.

The appreciation of the scheme to use the north chapel as a memorial affords evidence of this feeling, but this chapel, which is now used as choir vestry, does not seem to give sufficient scope, and additional or supplementary schemes have

been suggested, involving a dissipation of effort which I think is to be deprecated. I have ventured to select the west end of the chapel as the site of a memorial tower, not only because it can satisfy all the requirements of the memorial, but also because the occasion is such a great one that nothing but the strongest effort will meet it and adequately recall a proud and pathetic moment in the history of the school. I would urge that this effort would be most effectively made by an addition to the most important building in Eton, namely, the chapel.

It has been said that a tower would compete with or dominate the chapel, but it may be claimed that a tower which is actually part of the chapel is not open to the same criticism as a tower that is in no way connected with it; it would be built in the fervent hope of enhancing the value of the chapel and with the certainty that the tower itself would gain from the mass to which it belonged.

SITE.—As shown by the illustrations, which are photographs with the design added in pencil, the tower is attached to the centre of the three bays of the ante-chapel, which face west. The buttresses on either side of



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THE FULL HEIGHT OF THE TOWER.

this bay are incorporated in the tower, which would occupy a ground space about 30ft. square. The south-west corner reaches the dwarf wall dividing the Long Walk from the street pavement, the north-west corner is clear of the dwarf wall; one lime tree is removed at this point.

A description of the site would not be complete without some mention of the ante-chapel. This building was added to the chapel by Bishop Waynflete in 1487. The problem was a difficult one, and the solution of it, if one may presume to criticise,

Ground Storey.—An arched and vaulted passage, formed so as not to obstruct the Long Walk—two windows in the west wall.

First Storey.—Floor level same as that of the ante-chapel and accessible therefrom by two doors on either side of the Founder's Statue. These doorways would each occupy the space of two bays of the existing panelling, which, with their memorial tablets, would line the thickness of the wall leading to the doors themselves. This chamber, also vaulted, would be about 20ft. square. Its position and accessibility clearly indicate it as the memorial chamber or chapel. Its windows would face north-west and south, and their sills being at a height, perhaps, of 8ft. from the floor, would admit of an ample and well lit wall-space for the inscription of names of the fallen.

Second Storey.—I suggest that this storey should in due course become the repository of war records and that it should have the character more of a library than of a museum.

Third Storey.—Bell-ringers chamber.

Fourth Storey.—Belfry to contain, if possible, ten bells, which should be rung commemoratively on November 11th at 11 o'clock.

It is to be observed that the vaulting of the ground floor storey and the floor of the memorial chamber would necessitate the statue and niche of Bishop Waynflete being moved, and I recommend that it should be placed in one of the adjoining bays, preferably the northern one, as the stonework of the canopy and niche is already being attacked by the weather and the trees opposite this bay are further away.

On the west wall of the tower (facing down Keats Lane), and occupying in height, perhaps, the whole of the space between the plinth and the cill-line of the memorial chapel, it is proposed to place a statue, fittingly canopied, of a warrior, with sheathed sword, right hand on hilt.

At the north-western corner there would be a stair turret, giving access to each storey.

The window of the centre bay of the ante-chapel would be obscured by the tower; it would be removed, and the wall space thus formed would be pierced at the second storey level by an open arcade. Outside the arcade and projecting into the ante-chapel would be a balcony, supported either by corbels or vaulted brackets.

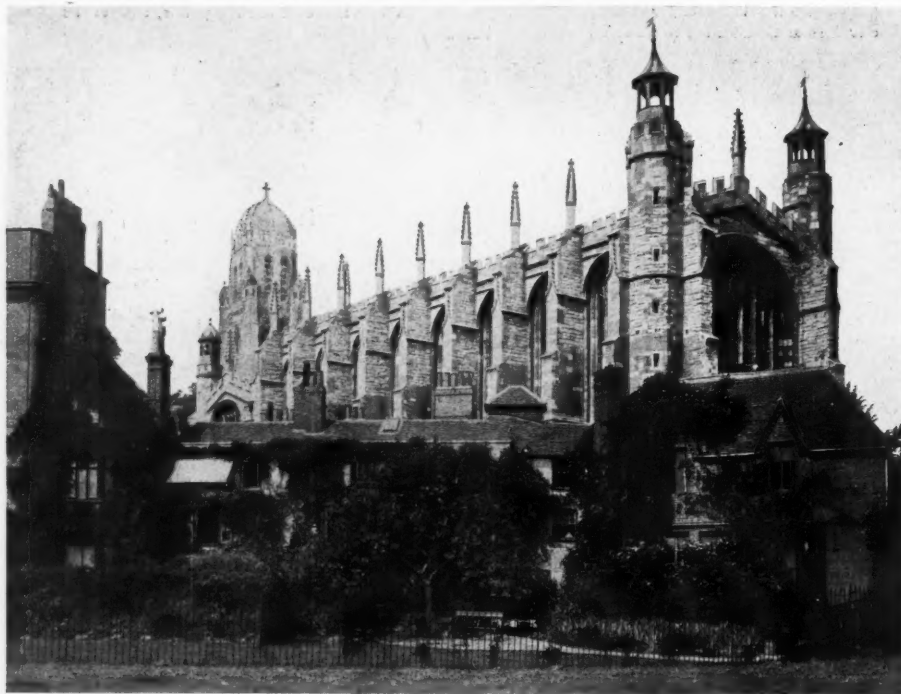
The closing of the window would, it is anticipated, not unduly darken the ante-chapel, there being now five windows to light this relatively small space. The glass of this window could be refixed

in the second storey of the tower, where a record as to its removal would be inscribed. ^H

The fascia panelling would be extended down to the spring-line of the present window.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add a word as to the style or manner of the design, since this is indicated in the various illustrations.

While founding the design on past forms and making the tower, so to speak, take the colour of its surroundings, my intention is to avoid copying existing examples and to express as clearly as possible the purpose for which it is erected.



THE GROUPING OF THE TOWER.



Hills and Saunders.

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THE LONG WALK WOULD NOT BE OBSTRUCTED.

resulted in something that is more than a porch and less than a transept.

The external stonework has in recent years been thoroughly renewed, and if the building borrows from the dignity of the chapel, it also suffers by comparison with it. It is a fortunate circumstance that the lime trees, though they perhaps hastened its restoration, have since toned it down so that, seen through their boughs, it presents a venerable appearance. In these circumstances I entertained the idea of building a tower in conjunction with the ante-chapel with less diffidence than I should feel in making any addition to or change in the chapel itself.

THE LURE AND WONDER OF NEW GUINEA

III.—THE WARFARE OF THE SAVAGE.

BY E. W. PEARSON CHINNERY.



SWINGING ALONG THE SUN-BAKED TRACK IN THE GRASS PLAIN.

"DEATH came to them in the sleep-time."

The speaker was Chief of one of the lowland tribes of the Northern Division of Papua. He pointed to a clump of coconut palms that swayed dejectedly above a tangled mass of rank garden growth and vegetation in the centre of the grass plain through which we were travelling; the site of what had once been a village. The trees offered a temporary refuge from the scorching sun, so we left the track and went over to the spot. A magnificent breadfruit tree stood at the entrance, and in the shade of its wide spreading branches and thick foliage we sat and smoked. Parasitic plants were strangling the breadfruit, but these we destroyed, as an expression of gratitude for its kindly shelter. The fronds of

the palms sighed gently in the breeze as the guide unfolded his tale—the song of a neglected village:

"Here, so long ago that I have forgotten, lived the 'People of the Breadfruit.' Fine gardens had they and many dogs and pigs. Beneath these trees were large houses. Children laughed and played in the shadows. Food and meat were plentiful, for the people worked hard, and, good fortune attended their hunts. Happy they were and contented.

"But not so their neighbours. No game fell to their skill and magic. Their gardens yielded no food. Bitter were their hearts towards the people who had much while they had little. Then came the sickness (dysentery?). Illness and death went to every village but that of the 'People of



PRIMITIVE MAN.



VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAIN SPURS SURROUNDED BY MISTS.

the Breadfruit.' The starving and the sick assembled in the head village. 'The Ghosts of our Dead are restless,' said they. 'How may we destroy this thing of Evil which we cannot see?' they questioned.

"The chief rose quietly and addressed them. 'While we starve and sicken the "People of the Breadfruit" grow fat.' With us is sorrow, with them, gladness. The breath of evil which falls on us like a cloud and leaves death in its wake, is to them as the life-giving sunshine. Only by destroying them and devouring their pigs and dogs, and by nourishing our bodies with the food of their gardens, can we hope to combat the evil thing that is their friend. Let us then assemble when the moon is high. The friendly shadows of their breadfruit tree will shelter us, and the morning birds will announce our victory; new life will come to us at dawn.'

"The instruments of death lurked in the shadows, but the 'People of the Breadfruit' knew it not. While their eyes were closed their souls were released, and, ever since, these souls have been groping blindly through the land of ghosts in search of their allotted places. It is said that at times they return on their own trails to this spot to curse the descendants of those who sent them blindfolded into the vast space beyond, where there is neither rest, food, nor drink for those who cannot find their allotted place. It is said, also, that all who enter this neglected site get boils under the armpits and large lumps in the groins."

That was enough! In the fraction of a second my carriers, with many an anxious backward glance, were swinging along the sun-baked track at a great pace. That night the strong herbs of the jungle were stewed and inhaled, while lotions were applied to the parts sensitive to the influence of ghostly curses.

The history of inter-tribal warfare in Papua

abounds with incidents of this kind, and, as a general rule, surprise is the principal weapon of aggressive people. To guard against it mountain tribes in the uncontrolled regions build their habitations on pinnacles of knife-edged ridges and spurs of the mountains, and make their villages doubly secure by surrounding them with stockades of high saplings. In the trees overlooking the stockades are look-out houses and large fighting platforms. Thus the whole country is under observation, and the entrances to villages are commanded by the fighting men who occupy the platforms. Hundreds of large stones lie here, and invading parties may be subjected while ascending to an unpleasant storm of heavy rocks, which are most effective in stemming an advance, as more than one officer of the Papuan Service knows to his cost.

Where his natural conditions are not so favourable, the wild man skilfully makes up the deficiency. In many places I have found myself ascending a small cone-shaped hill by spiral tracks, under fire all the time, yet unable to reach the summit by direct ascent because of traps of thorny vines and spear pits, cleverly sown between the spirals by primitive man.

On one occasion duty took me to one of these stockaded villages on Mount Obree for the purpose of arresting certain

men who had been concerned in a large massacre. It had never been visited by the Government, and, on my approach, the inhabitants thronged the fighting platforms and the ground between the stockades. The village literally bristled with spears. One by one the women left and sought refuge in the forest above the habitations. The scene was one of wild mountain grandeur. The valley below us was filled with clouds, and, deep down in the mists, we could hear the war-songs of parties of local

WOMAN TICKLING DOMESTICATED PIG (*SUS PAPUENSIS*) TO MAKE IT LIE DOWN.

men who were closing on our rear and flanks with the obvious intention of completely annihilating my party.

A fine, bearded man stood on one of the fighting platforms with a long-handled stone tomahawk held high above his head. "White man," he said, "look at me." He made a noble figure as he stood silhouetted against the sky. "Many men have entered this valley uninvited, but none has left again. Look round the mountain sides. Do you see villages other than ours? No. And why? Because this is the place of Death and we are its instruments. Before you and your devil's pups (small dogs) go to join the other fools who came here without being asked, you will tell us why you are here. Speak!"

"We are the Government," I replied. "A—o! O—o! Oo—oo!" they yelled with derision. "Chakagigigigi!" they cried, as they shook their spears until we could hear them whistling in the air. "Sch! Sch! Sch! Sch! Sch!" they hissed, as their bodies swayed to the movements of the war-dance. "Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!" went the drums, and "Toot! Toot!" the long drawn notes of the wooden trumpet.

"What do you want here?" demanded the Chief. "The men who took part in the Kokila massacre," replied the interpreter. "Let them come to us and we want nothing but friendship with the others of your tribe." "Ha! Hæ!" laughed they, "we are all here, come and take us lest we tire of waiting and go down and cane you like small boys before we eat you."

The wild fighting songs rang through the valley; a long line of strangely attired figures streamed through the stockade and descended towards us. Beating their long white shields against their knees, waving their head-dress plumes to and fro, shaking their spears, and making strange sounds with their mouths, they approached in serpent-like formation. The songs of aggressive birds and pig-grunts

were imitated and the spirits of their warrior ancestors were praised in deep ringing tones by the lusty warriors.

The very air was charged with emotion. It took possession of my interpreter. Trembling with excitement, his breath coming in gasps, he could do nothing more than point to the advancing party, and whisper in a hoarse voice, "Master, Oh Master, big fellar fight he come."

Answering yells rose out of the clouds below us, on our flanks and in our rear.

Our appeals to the oncoming people for a peaceful settlement were drowned by the thunder of angry voices.

My force of eight native constables stood firm. Their eyes shone with a fierce pleasure. Four of them had never handled a rifle before. The others helped them to fix bayonets, and we advanced to meet the attackers. Our movement, however, disconcerted them, and they retired behind their stockades.

Here a desperate affray took place; but we achieved our object, and before my party left the valley its inhabitants and, by peaceful means, the inhabitants of the other unknown parts of the locality, were won over to a friendship with the Government; they even returned with me to see the ocean.

In return for their loyalty they were assured of Government protection and all the privileges to which they had become entitled as British subjects.

Those who had been arrested were tried and sentenced for their share in the massacre of the Kokila people. In some cases they excused their action on account of social laws which demanded of them an act of homicide before status and the right to marriage could be attained. Thus I learnt also of an interesting practice of decorating men who commit homicide, an acknowledgment of valour, which, in some communities, must be won before a man may ask the hand of a woman in marriage.

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

By DR. WILLIAM MACDONALD, FOUNDER OF DRY FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE passing away of General Botha, first Minister of Agriculture for the Transvaal under responsible Government, and the forthcoming retirement from official service of Mr. F. B. Smith, Secretary of the Union Department of Agriculture, closes an interesting story in the history of South African agriculture. Having been associated with Mr. Smith in the founding of the Transvaal Department of Agriculture and, later, in the establishment of the Union Department, I propose to speak briefly of the rise and progress of an institution which has played so important a rôle in the development of South Africa and which soon won renown far beyond the confines of the Union.

AN EPOCH-MAKING REPORT.

In order to understand the great organisation which now comprises the Union Department of Agriculture, we must

trace its evolution from the founding of the Transvaal Department of Agriculture. Before the close of the Anglo-Boer war Mr. F. B. Smith, Vice-Principal of Wye College, was invited by Lord Milner, the then High Commissioner for South Africa, to come out and report on the possibility of establishing a Department of Agriculture in the Transvaal and Free State. Mr. Smith had recently returned from the United States, whither he had been despatched on a special mission to report upon the agricultural organisation and rural education of the New World.

We first met on the Campus of Cornell, at Ithaca, in the State of New York, where I was engaged in post-graduate study. Then I explained to Mr. Smith the wonderful extension work in progress at Cornell, which was touching almost every country home in the Empire State, and which had enrolled in the Correspondence Classes of the College of Agriculture



POTCHEFSTROOM SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE AND EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

Dairy, main offices, Selborne Hall and Hostel with field of oats in foreground.

over 60,000 farmers, their wives and families. I am convinced that the success of the Transvaal Department of Agriculture, which was later merged into the Union Department of Agriculture, was mainly due to the fact that we both were more impressed with the practical work accomplished for the farming community by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Agricultural Colleges of America than we were by the feeble and timid efforts, at that time, of the British Board of Agriculture and the Universities of the Homeland.

In his first report as Agricultural Adviser to the Government Mr. Smith laid down a comprehensive and far-reaching

the new Department, not upon the lines of the British Board of Agriculture, but largely upon the National Department of Agriculture at Washington. This original plan has never been varied, but only enlarged and



THE FRIESLAND HERD AT POTCHEFSTROOM.



MAIZE MATURITY TESTS AT EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

Twelve varieties of cow-peas in foreground.

scheme for the establishment of a Department of Agriculture in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. This scheme was approved by Lord Milner and an immediate start was made. As already indicated, Mr. Smith modelled

extended. Mr. Smith was thus the founder of the Transvaal Department of Agriculture, and has been the pioneer in establishing a comprehensive system of practical and scientific education in South Africa.

WHAT OUR GOVERNORS HAVE DONE.

The wonderful progress of the Transvaal Department of Agriculture was due, in large measure, to the loyal support which it received from Milner, Selborne and Botha. Lord Milner's strong point was undoubtedly his rapid grasp of fundamental facts and immediate action. There was never any delay. Moreover, he always insisted upon securing the best men from any part of the world. He was never a narrow racialist. If the best man was to be found in America, Holland, or Denmark, the Transvaal Department must have him. He believed in expert advice on all subjects. In this way the Transvaal Department was staffed with a more cosmopolitan lot of experts than any Department in the world. I remember hearing that Lord Milner wanted the best man procurable for the



STUDENTS PICKING FRUIT IN EXPERIMENTAL ORCHARD.

Potchefstroom Experimental Farm. Mr. Smith recommended one of his old students, who had received a thorough training in farm management and live stock, and had passed his examinations with high honours. In fifteen minutes a cable was despatched, and within twenty-four hours Mr. Alex. Holm had accepted the post of General Manager at Potchefstroom. To-day, Mr. Holm is Under-Secretary for Agriculture (Education).

The enthusiastic support which Lord Selborne gave to the Department was equally valuable. He did much to popularise the Department among the farmers, and he was never so happy as when smoking his pipe and preaching the gospel of the golden sovereigns which were to be won not only in the deep levels of the Rand Gold Mines, but also in the surface levels of the soil. Viscount Buxton has likewise assisted the Department in numerous ways, and, more especially, in such important matters as making prompt arrangements with the Imperial Government for the disposal of South African maize and wool.

When General Botha became Premier and Minister of Agriculture for the Transvaal he continued to assist the experts in the Department, often in the face of considerable opposition. He had always advocated the doctrine of agricultural development. In the early days of the Volksraad he strenuously supported Dr. Theiler (now Sir Arnold) as the Government Veterinary Surgeon and got the appointment carried by one vote. General Botha welcomed any suggestions which had in view the agricultural advancement of South Africa. Some years ago, acting on my advice, he presented a scheme for the establishment of a series of Government Oversea Scholarships to the Transvaal Legislative Assembly. This plan was unanimously approved by the Assembly, and since that time over a hundred young men and women, termed Government Agricultural Scholars, have resided for a period of not less than four years at the best known British and American Universities. The beneficial results of this broad training are already apparent in all parts of the country. These Government scholars now occupy positions as experts in the Union Department of Agriculture, as professors in the University Colleges, and as lecturers in the various Schools of Agriculture, while still others are receiving a similar training in agricultural science oversea.

MERGING THE PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENTS.

By the time the union of the four Provinces was accomplished the Transvaal Department had become the most efficient and best organised in the whole of the British Empire. I recall that the Prime Minister of New Zealand stated that his Department of Agriculture was spending more money on agriculture per head of population than any other part of the world, the rate being 3s. per head per annum. I promptly wrote to him pointing out his error, and mentioned that during the same year the Transvaal Government had spent 15s. per head of population for the same Department of State.

Mr. Smith has hardly received sufficient recognition of his work for the people of South Africa. He has spent seventeen years of his life with one object in view, namely, to build up the most efficient establishment possible with the men and money at his disposal in order to help our farmers in the solution of their many difficulties and to develop the agricultural resources of the Union. And the Secretary of Agriculture has succeeded. He has lived to see the Department under his control grow from a single official—himself—working in a back room to the present institution which has its headquarters on that commanding site—Meintjes Kop—in Pretoria with a staff of over a thousand men and women workers scattered over every portion of the Union.

EACH PROVINCE HAS CONTRIBUTED.

In tracing the rise and growth of the Union Department of Agriculture out of the Transvaal Department, it must not be overlooked that the other Provinces have contributed their quota of experts, who have rendered signal service to the farming industry. In the Cape we must not forget the names of Hutcheon, the veterinary surgeon; of Hitchins, the forester; and of Lounsbury, the entomologist. Happily, Mr. C. P. Lounsbury is still with us as chief entomologist. To him we owe the first scientific researches on the anatomy and life history of the tick as a carrier of disease, as well as the Californian system of fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas to combat red scale in citrus orchards. In Natal Watkins-Pitchford was the pioneer, along with Baynes and Alexander, in developing the short-interval dip for the eradication of East Coast fever; and Mr. C. E. Fuller, now

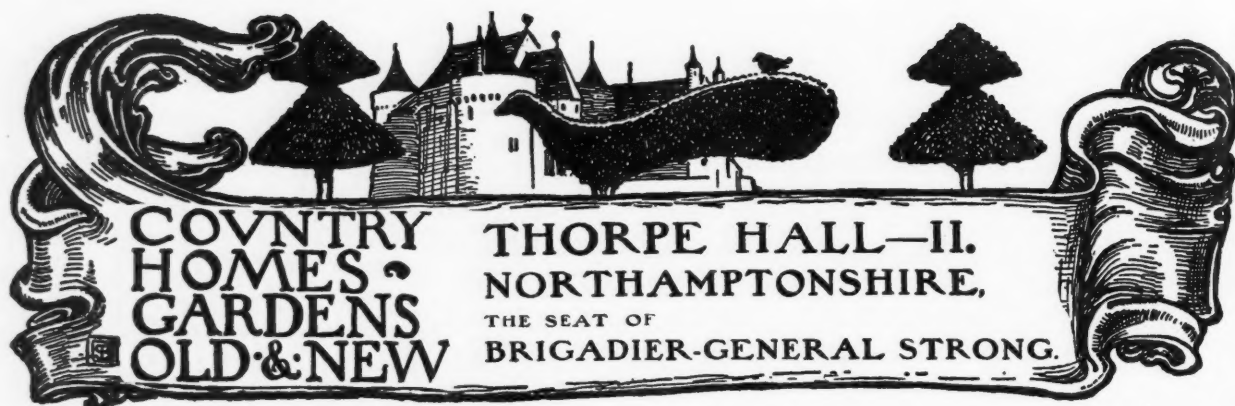
assistant entomologist, has devoted many years of study and research to fruit pests and the white ant. The simple and effective method of destroying locusts by spraying with arsenic sweetened with sugar, now called the "poison bait," was first devised by a Natal sugar planter, Mr. Gilbert Wilkinson. In the Free State Mr. W. J. Palmer, B.S.A., of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, as Director of Agriculture, laid the foundations for the rapid development of the dairy industry of that Province along progressive Canadian lines. Thus it will be seen that each Province has had its share in the building up of the Union Department of Agriculture. Of my own work as the founder of dry-farming in South Africa this is not the place to speak; but all these researches and discoveries have within a few years transformed the whole face of the country. Lastly, in connection with the wonderful development of the Department, it should be said that South Africa owes a debt of gratitude to the authorities of the National Department of Agriculture in Washington for sending us their best experts and in freely giving valuable advice and assistance through their publications at all times.

APPLE GROWING IN THE BRITISH ISLES

EVERYONE knows that enormous quantities of fruit which could be produced quite well at home are imported annually from abroad. The home-grown supply of high quality fruit being hopelessly inadequate to meet the demand, we have still to rely mainly on produce from our Dominions and foreign countries. These countries have found in the British Isles a ready sale for their produce, and have not only supplied the demand, but by effective advertising have expanded it considerably. And yet we are favoured in these Isles with a climate that is equal to any in the whole world for apple growing. It seems illogical, therefore, that any doubt should exist as to the possibility of extending the area under apples in this country. There are, in fact, excellent opportunities at home for well trained men. We often hear the opinion expressed that the costs of cultivation are much higher in this country than abroad. Is this so? Let us examine facts. Apples are largely imported from Canada and the United States, but according to official figures the cost of cultivation in this country even now is only about the same as it was in the exporting countries immediately before the war. Yet prior to 1914 these countries sent apples to this country to the value of several million pounds annually. The reason was that the American and Canadian growers made a point of exporting *only the highest quality of produce and in such quantities that it was easily and commercially marketed.* The foundation of a British fruit industry is, we believe, slowly but firmly being laid, and many intelligent, industrious young men are remaining in this country to increase our home production. In this connection it is interesting to refer to a scheme adopted by the Department of Agriculture for Ireland in 1903 to encourage fruit growing in Ireland. The scheme gave excellent results and ensured concentration of effort and production in limited areas, such areas developing into orchard districts, known as such to dealers and buyers. The Department supplied the fruit trees and paid the instructors. It was found that many apples largely grown for market in England were useless in Ireland. An instance is afforded by the apple Wellington, one of the most popular of all apples for the kitchen, but which is a complete failure, except in a few isolated places, in all parts of Ireland. Other well known apples to which the same remarks apply are Stirling Castle, Duchess of Oldenburg, Lord Suffield and Lord Grosvenor. It is very useful to know what varieties to avoid. At the same time the object of the Irish experiments was to find out what varieties may be reasonably expected to succeed. Three cooking apples are admittedly to the fore in all parts of Ireland, viz., Grenadier, Bramley's Seedling and Lane's Prince Albert.

Bramley's Seedling is the best all-round apple for general planting; it is, however, rather slow in coming into bearing. Other good varieties are Domiro, Lord Derby, Newton Wonder and Bismarck. The newer varieties Crimson Bramley and Rev. W. Wilks are worth trying. In dessert apples, Cox's Orange Pippin is given as the finest and best paying, but alas! it will only thrive in mild localities and in good soil. The following early varieties stand out as generally useful: Gladstone, Beauty of Bath and Worcester Pearmain. Gladstone is the earliest, not nearly as good in quality as Irish Peach, but more reliable. Rival and Charles Ross are recommended for later supplies, while James Grieve and Allington Pippin are mentioned as worth trying. The market demands a steady supply of a few standard varieties in their season—not dribblets of many varieties the reputation of which may not be known to buyers and which they view with suspicion.

H. C.

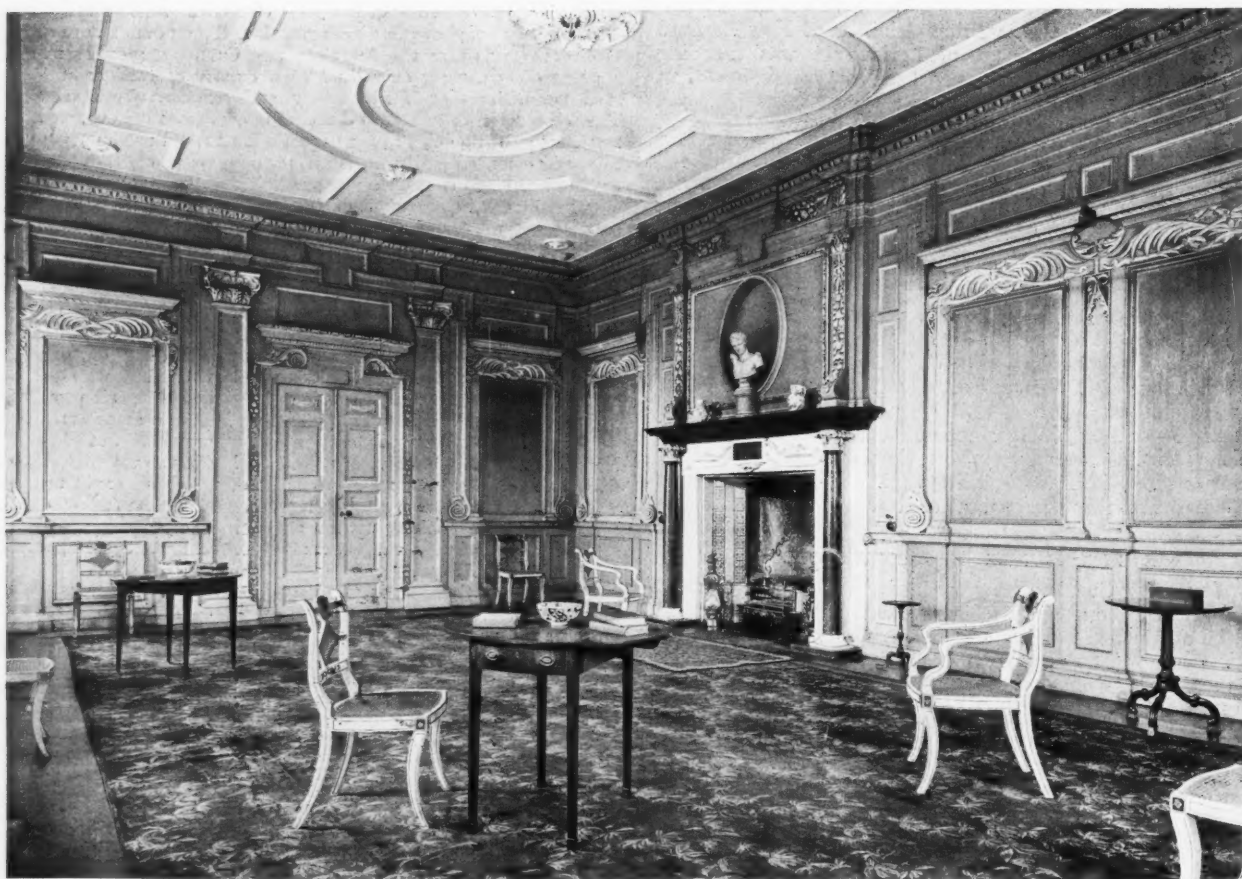


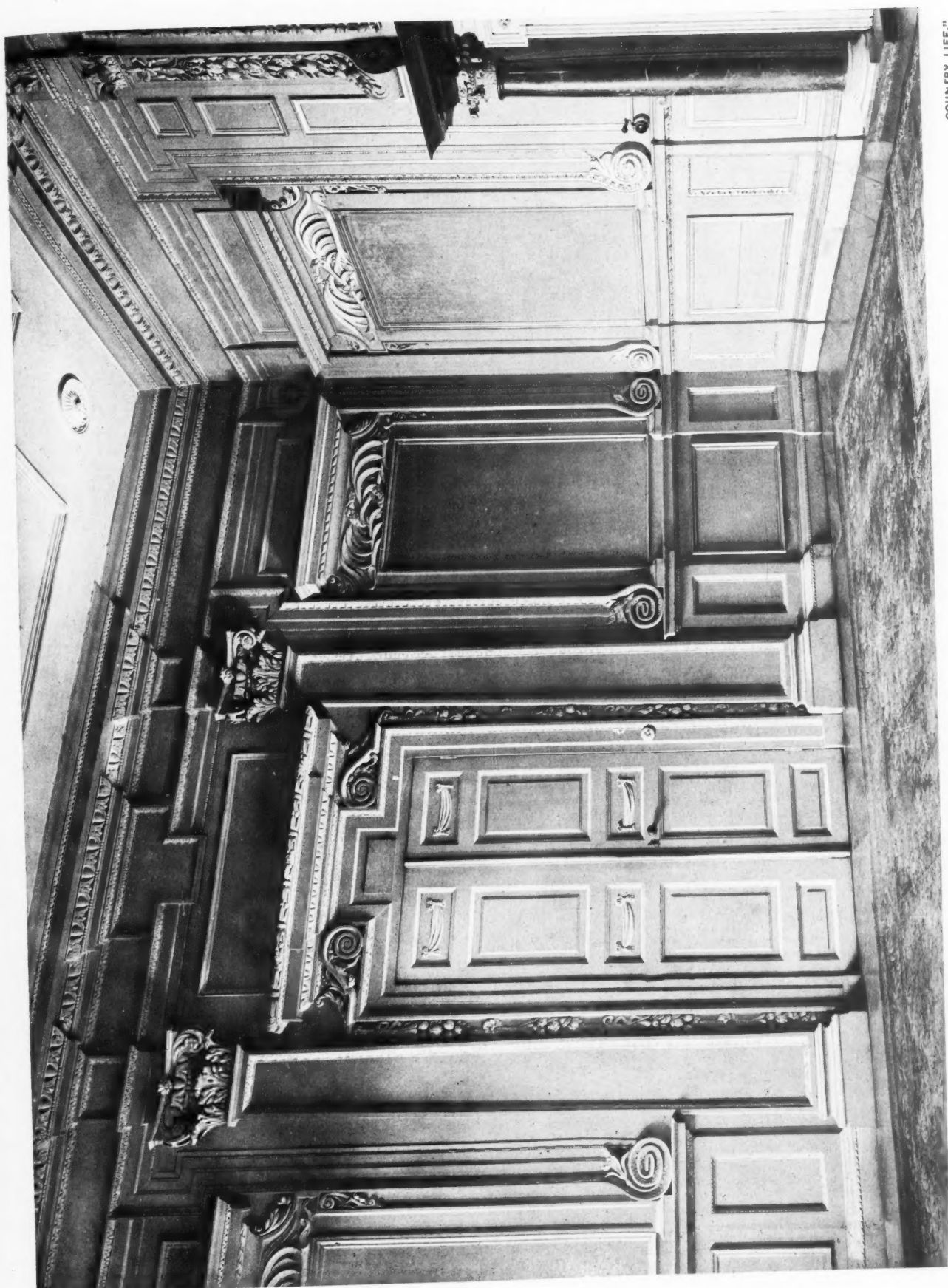
THE year 1653, when Chief Justice St. John became owner of part of the Longthorpe manor and pushed on the building of his new house, was a moment when his position can have been none too secure, for it was then that Cromwell expelled the Long Parliament, became Protector and called the "Barebones" Parliament. Nominated to the Lords' or "Other" House, St. John absented himself, and this was excused as being "by reason of the busines of the Terme," although he "acted quite contrary to the acts passed in it, in his judicial capacity." As, however, Cromwell himself soon quarrelled with it, and could not afford to break with the chief justice, who, on his side, had no intention of opposing the Protector's government to a point dangerous to himself, he continued, without interruption, administering justice and filling his money bags. When under his falcon crest he set the date 1656 on his rain-water heads he had reached the full tide of his prosperity. His success, and his methods of reaching and securing it, raised him up many enemies, so that all his previous prudence in refraining from extreme measures to bring about the Stuart downfall or establishing the Cromwell supremacy scarcely availed to save him in 1660. We have seen how Evelyn, five years after the beheading of Charles, considered St. John "deep in his blood." Charles II and Clarendon, his Chancellor, both desired his downfall, if we are to believe Noble, who says that the King "was disappointed and hurt by his escaping, even with life," which "it is reasonable to suppose" he only saved "by the

expansion of the strings of that purse which he had taken such pains to fill and keep closed." Clarendon, indeed, is said to have had an eye on Thorpe, and the following incident is extracted by Noble from a manuscript vindication of St. John's character by his son and successor, Francis.

The lord-chief-justice having lately built a house in the country, which, from the manner and stile of its architecture, little used in England before, rather than from its size, made more talk than it really deserved, and was magnified by some, either on purpose to create him envy, or through their own ignorance, beyond the truth; this reaching court, it was too high a prize not to be desired; lord Clarendon (as St. John himself mentioned when his son was present) sent for him soon after the restoration, requesting to speak with him, when he told him he had some intentions of building an house, and "that having heard much talk of one mr. St. John had lately built, he would be glad if he would give him a description of it;" the late lord-chief-justice was as sagacious as the then lord chancellor, for pretending ignorance of his meaning, he replied, that "he had not the vanity to think his house, of five or six rooms on a floor, a fit pattern for his lordship," which put a total stop to the conference.

Clarendon, as a country home, acquired Cornbury, which Hugh May altered and enlarged for him, while in London, as we saw when we traced Roger Pratt's connection with Coleshill, he employed the latter to build him a great house in Piccadilly which certainly had more than "five or six rooms to a floor," and had much to do with that "gust of envy" which in 1667 drove him across the Channel, a





COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

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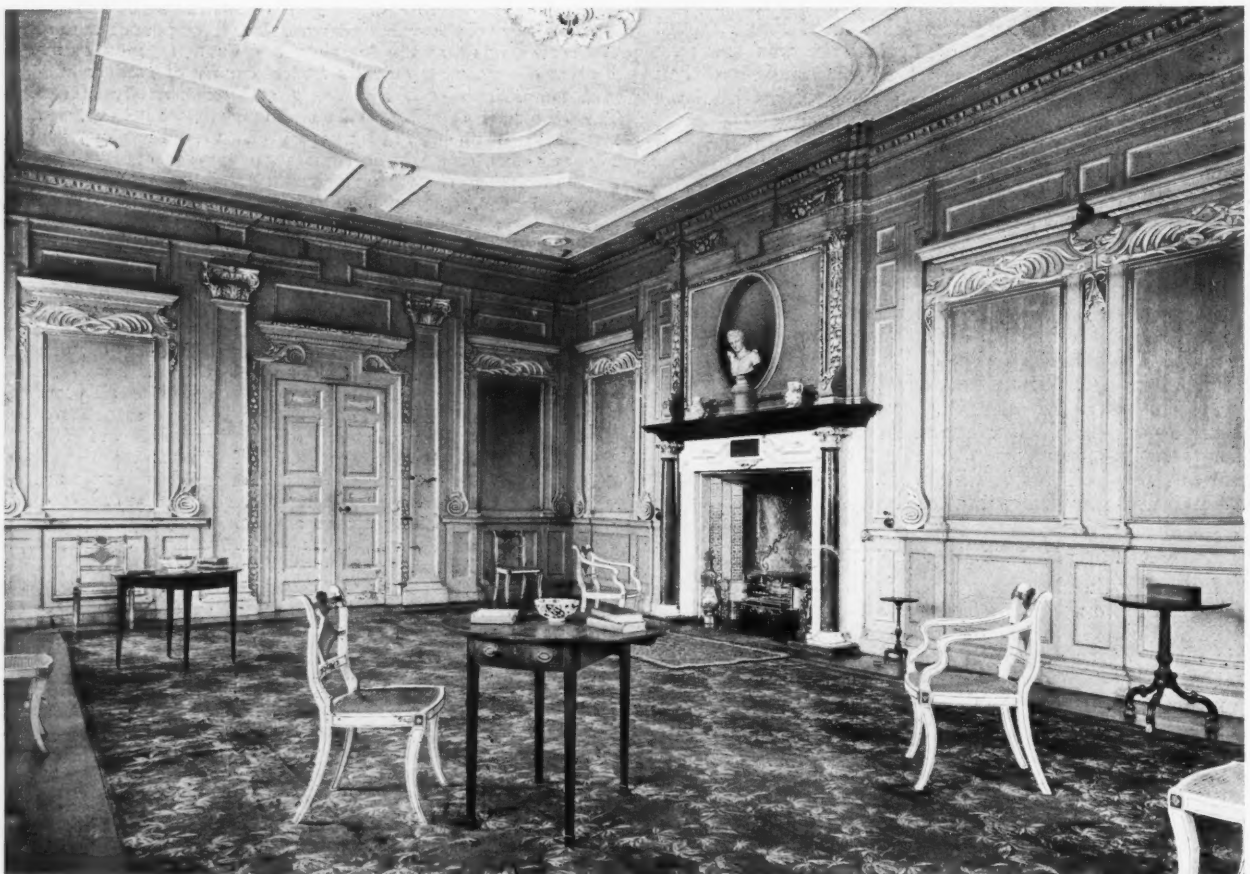


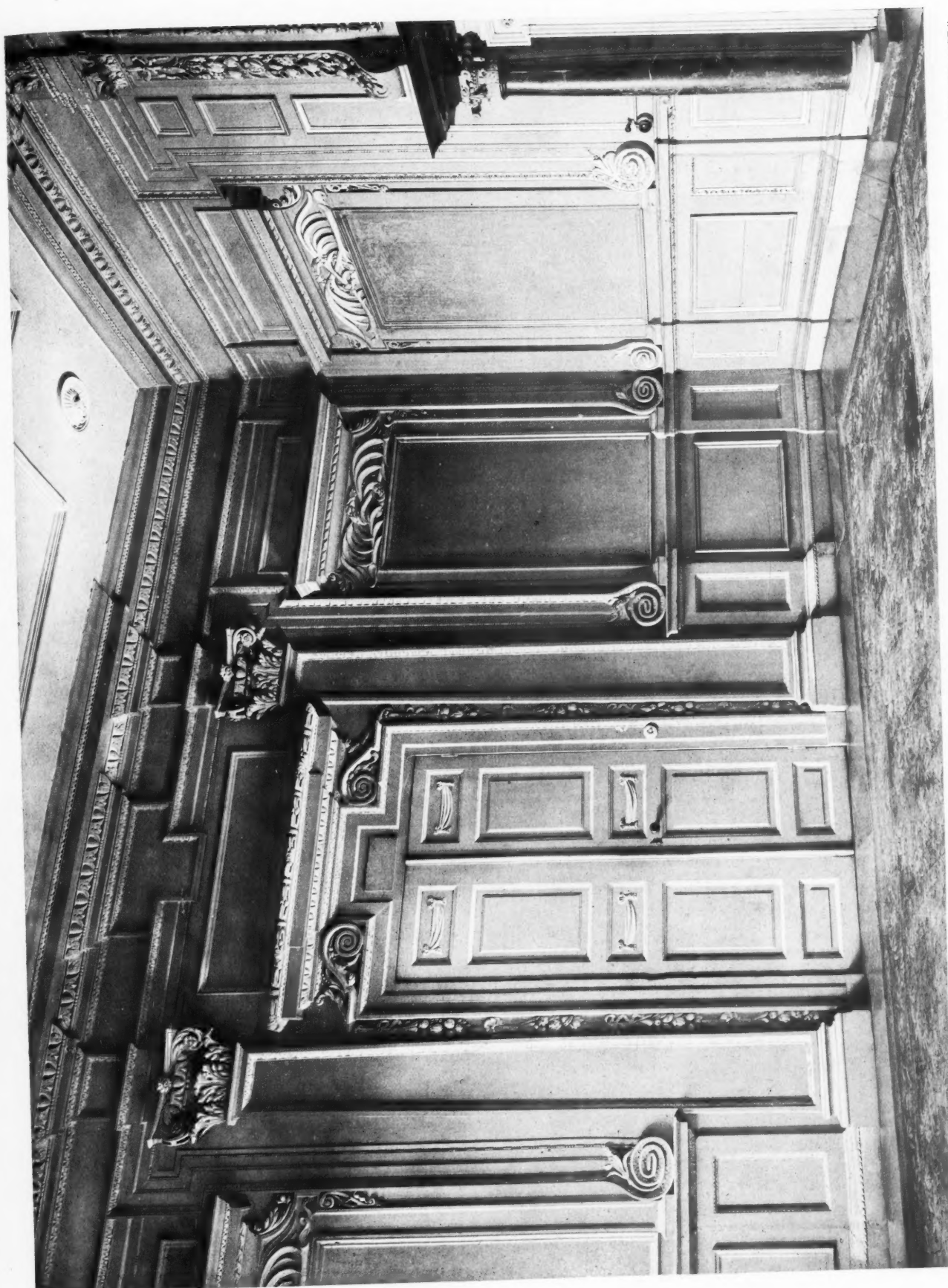
THE year 1653, when Chief Justice St. John became owner of part of the Longthorpe manor and pushed on the building of his new house, was a moment when his position can have been none too secure, for it was then that Cromwell expelled the Long Parliament, became Protector and called the "Barebones" Parliament. Nominated to the Lords' or "Other" House, St. John absented himself, and this was excused as being "by reason of the busines of the Terme," although he "acted quite contrary to the acts passed in it, in his judicial capacity." As, however, Cromwell himself soon quarrelled with it, and could not afford to break with the chief justice, who, on his side, had no intention of opposing the Protector's government to a point dangerous to himself, he continued, without interruption, administering justice and filling his money bags. When under his falcon crest he set the date 1656 on his rain-water heads he had reached the full tide of his prosperity. His success, and his methods of reaching and securing it, raised him up many enemies, so that all his previous prudence in refraining from extreme measures to bring about the Stuart downfall or establishing the Cromwell supremacy scarcely availed to save him in 1660. We have seen how Evelyn, five years after the beheading of Charles, considered St. John "deep in his blood." Charles II and Clarendon, his Chancellor, both desired his downfall, if we are to believe Noble, who says that the King "was disappointed and hurt by his escaping, even with life," which "it is reasonable to suppose" he only saved "by the

expansion of the strings of that purse which he had taken such pains to fill and keep closed." Clarendon, indeed, is said to have had an eye on Thorpe, and the following incident is extracted by Noble from a manuscript vindication of St. John's character by his son and successor, Francis.

The lord-chief-justice having lately built a house in the country, which, from the manner and stile of its architecture, little used in England before, rather than from its size, made more talk than it really deserved, and was magnified by some, either on purpose to create him envy, or through their own ignorance, beyond the truth; this reaching court, it was too high a prize not to be desired; lord Clarendon (as St. John himself mentioned when his son was present) sent for him soon after the restoration, requesting to speak with him, when he told him he had some intentions of building an house, and "that having heard much talk of one mr. St. John had lately built, he would be glad if he would give him a description of it;" the late lord-chief-justice was as sagacious as the then lord chancellor, for pretending ignorance of his meaning, he replied, that "he had not the vanity to think his house, of five or six rooms on a floor, a fit pattern for his lordship," which put a total stop to the conference.

Clarendon, as a country home, acquired Cornbury, which Hugh May altered and enlarged for him, while in London, as we saw when we traced Roger Pratt's connection with Coleshill, he employed the latter to build him a great house in Piccadilly which certainly had more than "five or six rooms to a floor," and had much to do with that "gust of envy" which in 1667 drove him across the Channel, a





COUNTRY LIFE.

2.—NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

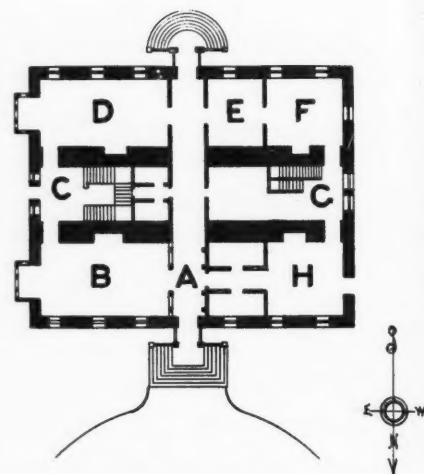
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journey which St. John had already taken. He had successfully withstood the 1660 attacks, had returned to Thorpe, and remained there awhile in retirement. But the feeling in England was against him, and "for various reasons, yet under pretence of health he retired to the Continent," and there died in 1673. We know of no danger then threatening him, yet his departure sounds like a secret escape. On November 5th, 1662, he embarked at Seaford on a little local vessel, which transferred him to a French fishing boat from which he landed at Havre. His son succeeded him, and his grandson was created baronet of Longthorpe in 1715. His mother had been the daughter of an alderman, and his wife that of a Turkey merchant, so that the impoverishment of his grandfather at the time of his fall was probably countered, and the owner of Thorpe was fully able to maintain that place and leave it unimpaired to his daughter Mary when he died in 1756. She married her cousin, Sir John Bernard, whose grandfather had married a daughter of the Cromwellian chief justice. Mary Lady Bernard, outlived both her husband and her son, and at her death in 1793 Thorpe passed to the Fitzwilliams of neighbouring Milton and was sold by them in 1850. It had probably been little used since the death of Mary, last of the St. John owners, and Mr. Hakewill, who has already been mentioned as having surveyed the place after it changed hands, tells us:

Thorpe House has lately become the property of the Rev Wm Strong

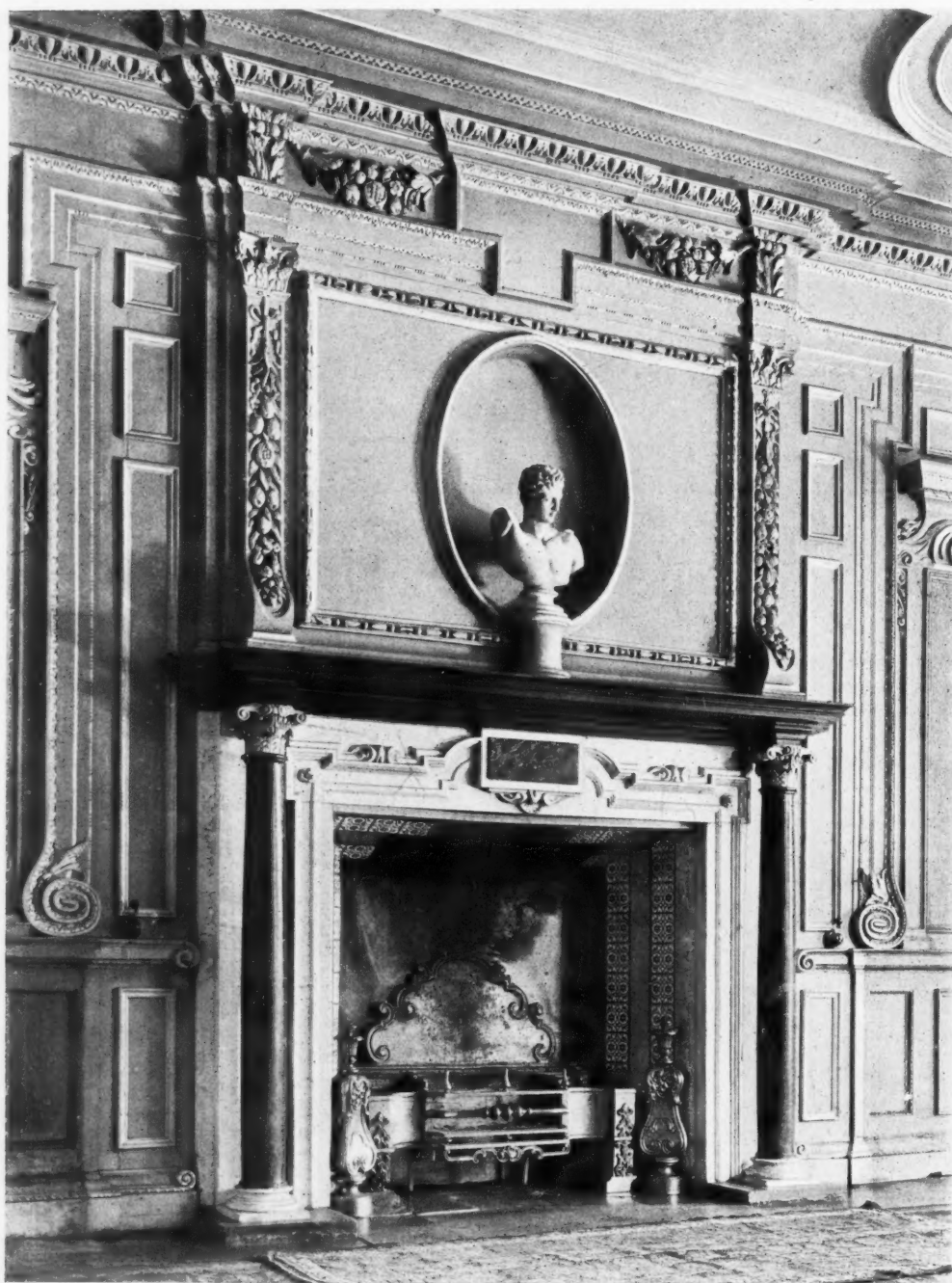
of Peterborough. The mansion has long been tenantless and though, through the goodness of the stone, the exterior of the building was for the most part in sound condition—and this after exposure to the inclemency of 200 winters, yet the interior, and the adjacent buildings were in a dilapidated state and the whole scene wore a desolate aspect.

He goes on to tell us how our "refinement of manners" led to a change in



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR AS ORIGINALLY BUILT.

A. Central passage through house screened from hall. B. Hall, entered through screen. C. Main staircase. D. Richly decorated parlour, now called library. E. Ante-room, now called study. F. Inner parlour, now dining-room. G. Secondary staircase. H. Room connecting with offices, now servants' hall.



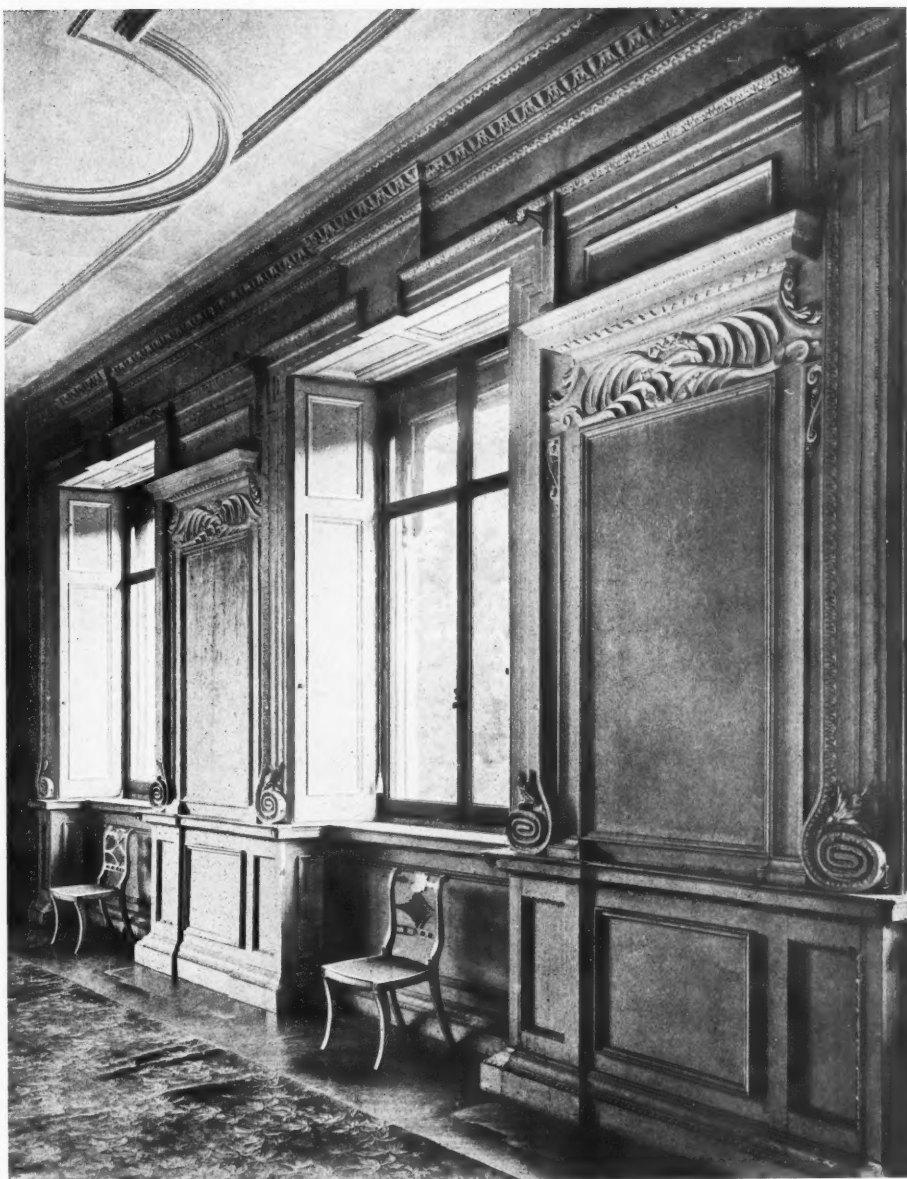
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3.—THE LIBRARY MANTELPIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the internal distribution of the house, but that this had been done with ingenuity and judgment, advantage being taken "of the inventions made in our time both in the manufacture of materials and in the mechanical arts." Such drastic treatment in Mid-Victorian times might well have destroyed the architectural history of the house and obliterated all trace and feeling of the days of Oliver St. John and the designing of John Webb. That is not the case. It is almost within the realm of miracle that so little was touched and altered. Just as last week we found the exterior and environment little changed, so now the illustrations of the rooms show many of them essentially as the Chief Justice left them. The Hakewill plan, drawn before the change of distribution, enables us to complete the picture of the original interior. There we see that the central doors, north and south, are connected by a passage (A) running through the breadth of the house. On entering by the north door from the forecourt, there was evidently a screen to the left, making an open division between this portion of the passage and the hall (B), in full accord with the Old English plan,

which was also followed to the right where were two little rooms (representing the mediæval butlery and pantry) with a passage between leading to the kitchen department, the first room (H), now the servants' hall, connecting with the wing. So far Webb followed tradition; but he was out to build a solid square house, and not one in the old straggling fashion, one room thick, with hall lit on both sides. The plan, therefore, as well as the elevation and the details, is a link between the very divergent early and late seventeenth century architectural ideas. We get an unbroken parallelogram almost as thick as long, but we do not get a hall centrally entered and occupying the centre of the one elevation backed by a saloon occupying the same relative position on the opposite elevation. We get the old hall scheme entered at one end behind screens, and the short passage-way through is lengthened out so as to pass by the staircase spaces (C and C'), to serve the rooms on the garden side and to end with a garden doorway facing the front entrance. That is as Hakewill found and drew the plan. The 1850 alterations fully partitioned off the hall, threw into the passage such portions of the central space as were not taken up by the staircases, and opened arches through to the foot of the main staircase and to the eastern door out on to the paved terrace. Some little change, besides the partitioning, was made in the hall when the new owner set his crest upon the panel of the mantelpiece, which otherwise remains unchanged. Webb was at great pains in varying both the design and the material of the Thorpe mantelpieces. Together with local stone he used marble of many kinds. That in some measure was done at Forde Abbey, where the mantelpieces, as well as the ceilings and wainscotings, in the dining-room and small drawing-room may be compared with cognate work at Thorpe. There we find about a dozen mantelpieces in which marble plays a large part. In the hall the admirable yellow stone with occasional rather darker veining which abounds in Northamptonshire is the substance of the architrave and the enriched cornice, while the great convex moulding is of yellow-veined black marble (*giallo e nero*) and the panel of a reddish brown marble largely composed of shells. Above the shelf, and designed to suit the carved pediment in the centre, is a boldly carved wood overmantel with oakleaf framing and a central cartouche supported by boys and containing the St. John arms. Passing along the central passage (which is about 10ft. wide) till we approach the south entrance we have, right and left, in the fairly thick partition wall, openings, each containing a pair of double doors. The depth is sufficient for the first pair to open into the recess, and all are of five-panel height, two of the narrow panels in each half door being carved with a drapery swag—a favourite motif with both Jones and Webb. The passage doorcases have an enriched architrave, beyond which is a broad band of carving framing both door and over-door (wherein is set a picture) and surmounted by a forward break in the ceiling cornice. The illustration (Fig. 7) showing one of these doorways is taken from within what is now the study (E), but designed as an ante-room to the larger room beyond (F), now the dining-room. Both appear to be in every way intact. The first (Fig. 13) is 15ft. wide by 20ft. deep, and is wainscoted



Copyright. 4.—THE SOUTH WINDOWS OF THE LIBRARY. "COUNTRY LIFE"

with the large unbroken bolection moulded panels which we associate with post-Restoration work, and therefore



5.—DETAIL OF SCROLLS ENDING THE ARCHITRAVES IN THE LIBRARY.

(unless we are to set it down as a somewhat later introduction of the Chief Justice's son) a very early example of this manner. The mantelpiece, on the other hand, is characteristic of Webb's conservatism. The architraving is broken at every possible point—outwards and upwards at the top, and outwards at the bottom. The side spaces between these projections are filled in with what is neither a pilaster nor a scroll, but a hybrid between the two that has not entirely lost touch with Jacobean strapwork and Flemish forms. Here again stone is the principal material, but enriched with panels of marble—black with yellow shell, agreeing well with the yellow of the stone and being, it is

among the Webb drawings. The deep enriched sides of the square curve outwards at the centres and fold on to themselves, forming a sort of console, of which the flat is occupied by the draped mask introduced by Inigo Jones and used by his followers down into Georgian times. From these consoles hang heavy fruit swags, occupying the flat between the square and the cornice, which is not of plaster but of wood, being part of the entablature of the wainscoting. That is on an original scheme scarce occurring either earlier or later, but we shall find it, a fortnight hence, in more modest form at a contemporary house in the same neighbourhood. The salient feature consists in repeating, in the wainscoting,



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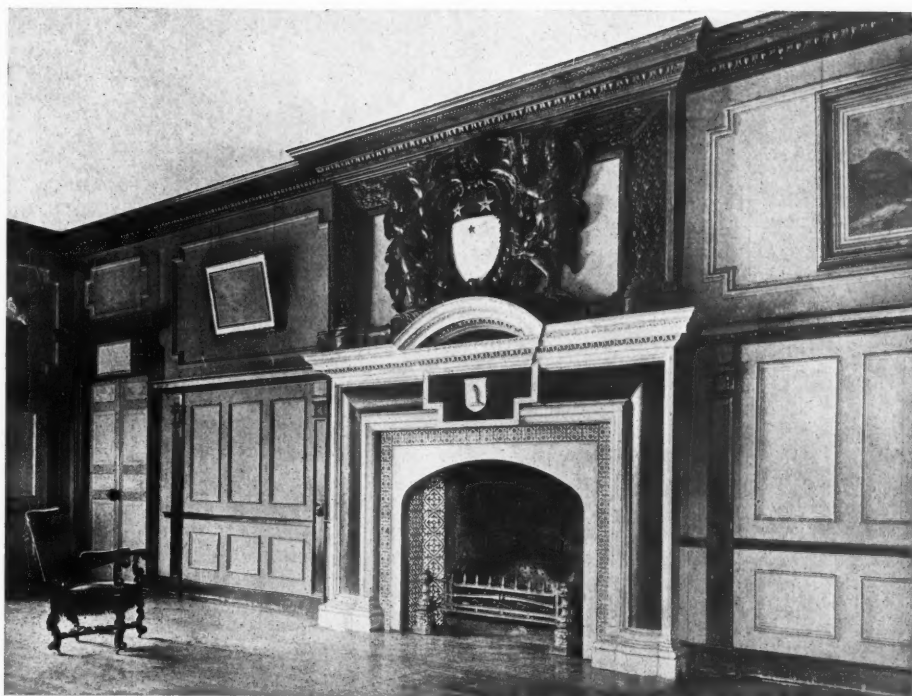
6.—NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

said, a local produce. The ceiling is remarkable for its great enriched cove, which consists of leaf scrolls and flower swags flanking, at the ends, a great central shell and, at the sides, a cartouche supported by scrolls terminating in male figures. The centre of the ceiling has a great oval of ribboned bay leaves, whereas in the dining-room (Fig. 9) next door the centre is a circle with fruit-packed soffit (Fig. 8). It resembles the one in the Coleshill billiard-room, which we saw had not the structural beam scheme of the others. Circle and outer square proclaim themselves as being there wholly for decorative purpose. There is no doubt about its origin, for the design, with very little change of motif, occurs

in rather simpler and smaller manner, the form of the doorways. The doorways (Fig. 11) have so pronounced a broken architrave that it admits of an entire panelled pilaster to support it. The frieze does not omit the whorled scroll at its ends, and has the same console and fruit swags as the ceiling. The chief panels (Fig. 10) have the same head, but a differently decorated frieze, broken by a small panel which cuts down into the top border or frame of the main one, this frame being given the character of an architrave, not broken at the ends, but resting on a plinth at the base. In full unison with doorway and panel is the overmantel, which, nevertheless, has its own characteristics, the chief

one being the consoles supporting the cornice and descending over both the capital and part of the panel of the side pilasters. The looking-glass centre is, of course, modern; a wood panel or a picture will have been there previously. The mantelpiece bears some resemblance to that in the hall, the main distinction being the pilasters with fruit swagged Ionic capitals, these being in white marble, the other materials, stone and marble, being the same as mentioned in the study. The dining-room scheme is well thought out. Notice the fruit swags in three materials, the recurrence of the small breaking panel on overmantel and wainscot and over the doorways, the varied detail, yet harmonious likeness, of all leading features. It is a rich, complete and satisfying composition on a small scale, the room being little more than 20ft. square; but richer still is the cognate treatment of the larger room (n) occupying the south-east section of the house and measuring 36ft. by 20ft. Next to the bigger and more sumptuous cube rooms at Wilton it is the most remarkable room of its age that has come down to us (Fig. 1); but it is long since it has borne its proper aspect. Being dedicated to library purposes at the time of the 1850 alterations, the walls were lined on all sides with high bookcases that broke and obscured the entire wall scheme. By the kind permission of General Strong these were removed before photographing, so that Webb's work can now be seen as he left it. Such is the reason for giving it six illustrations, but the pictorial representation being so full and vivid, no long description is needed. Note, however, the unusual method of emphasising the salient features. Not merely do overmantel and doorways have their own flanking pilasters and projecting portions of entablature, but beyond this there runs a broken architraving that ends on the dado rail with the most striking of all the endless folded scrolls that we find at Thorpe (Fig. 5). This treatment, which fitted in perfectly for the windows (Fig. 4), led to some difficulties elsewhere. Between each two sections a headed panel, in the manner of those in the dining-room, was introduced, and symmetry demanded that on either side the prominent architrave scroll should find place. This meant that in



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7.—THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE ANTE-ROOM, NOW THE STUDY.

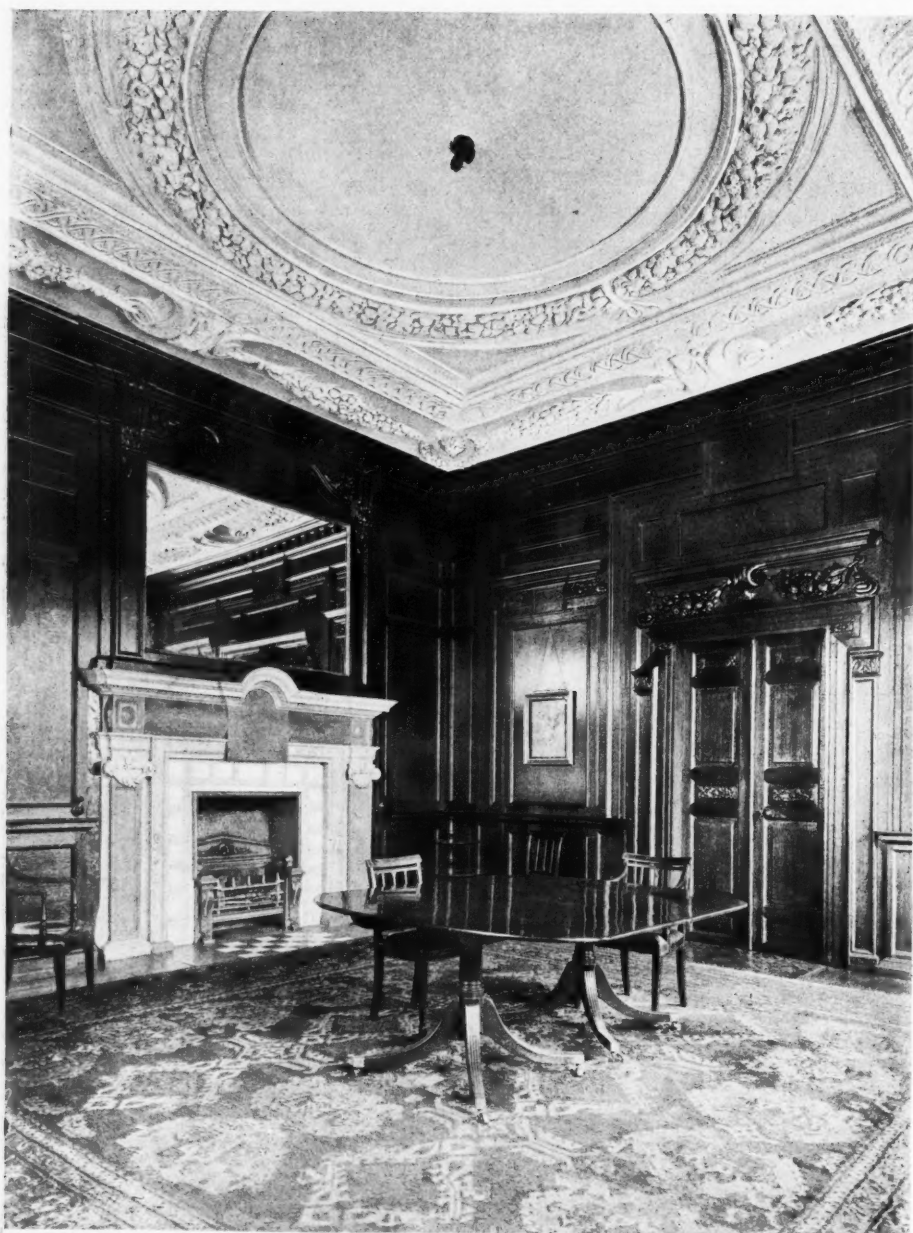
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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9.—CEILING OF DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



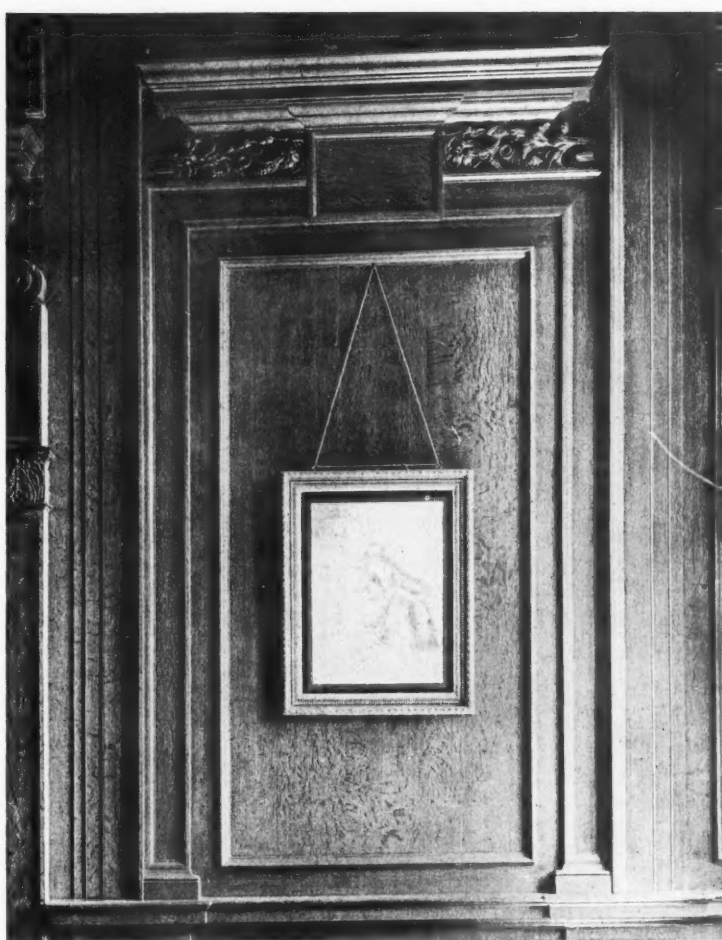
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10.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the corners (Fig. 2) the architrave with its broken top should frame itself and nothing more. Indeed, even this was impossible in the north-east corner (Fig. 6), where there was not room, on the right-hand side of the doorway, to complete the scheme. So the broken architraving extends on to the return wall, and, though the panel is duly flanked by balancing scrolls, the doorway has to go without one of them. Such are the pitfalls which meet a designer who wants to fit a large and involved scheme into a circumscribed space with certain important points fixed in relation, not so much to that space, as to the general house plan. Webb, as we have seen, did not carry purism to prudery, but allowed himself "a pretty play of natural fancy"; and so he was not going to abandon a scheme which had seized his fancy because it occasioned certain subsidiary awkwardnesses on which a hungry critic could pounce. These he countered cleverly so that they never attract the eye or in any way mar the leading lines and salient points of the composition—rather do they give a certain sense of picturesqueness free of the pinching harness of a too severe and insistent geometry. He relied on his eye, on his sense of balance and fitness, and gave us a room very full of incident and ornament, but so ordered and disciplined by due co-ordination of forms and motifs as not to be restless, overwhelming or too busy. Here the mantelpiece is entirely of marble. The black shelf or cornice rests on a general frame of white. White also are the base and capital of the columns, the shaft itself being in *giallo e nero*. The roundel above—we shall find it repeated upstairs next week—reminds us of the treatment of the Coleshill hall. The side pilasters have the same scroll base as we found on the eastern gate piers, and, as in the dining-room, fruit swags and drops are among the prominent enrichments. The crossed palm leaves, held together by a wreath, which form the frieze of the headed panels are very well and thoughtfully designed, and the whole of the craftsmanship—that of joiners and carvers—is of a high order seldom found until some years after the Restoration.

The design and finish may not yet have reached the certainty of line, the maturity of design, the excellence of technique that distinguish the co-operation of Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons in palace, cathedral and public building a quarter of a century later. But we can detect here a ripening potentiality for the great advance which found its fullest expression in the domain of woodwork. Woodworking had always been a favourite English craft. The carpentry of Plantagenet roofs, the joinery of Tudor wainscoting had been the richest decorative output of this country under those dynasties. The work was free, forceful, but not fine. Inigo Jones, a real revolutionist, wanted here all that he had seen in Italy—not merely the style, but also the materials and the technique. Stone, marble and plaster were the chosen materials of Italians in their southern clime, and Jones, like all enthusiasts too strongly gripped by new influences, set too little store upon a material which was sympathetic to English needs and English workers. To this spirit Webb served as a corrective. While he acted merely as Jones's assistant—at Wilton, for instance—wood is not freely used, and is painted so as to differentiate as little as possible from stone, plaster and composition. But where Webb acted on his own initiative, as at Forde Abbey and Thorpe, during Jones's last years or after his death, wood not only again takes the first place, but oak is much employed and left with its natural surface. Pine was certainly favoured as being something newer and more choice as well as more easily worked, and pine was habitually painted. But the Thorpe dining-room is the precursor of thousands of fine rooms



11.—DETAIL OF DINING-ROOM PANEL SCHEME.

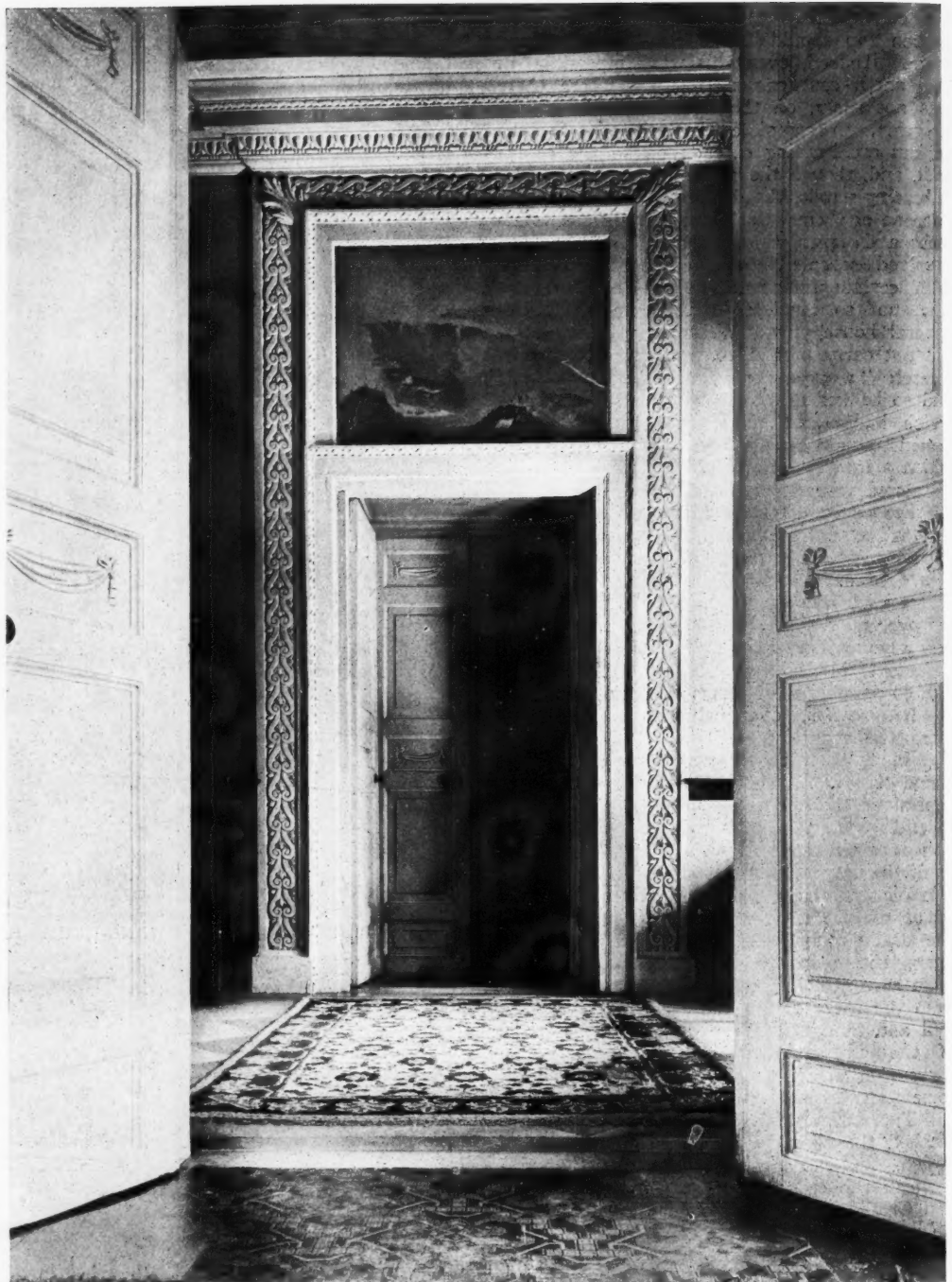


Copyright. 12.—DETAIL OF DINING-ROOM DOORWAY. "C.L."

that followed on until the close of the Stuart period, so that we can set down Webb, the untravelled Englishman, as the founder of the pre-eminent period of English woodcraft. Grinling Gibbons made lime wood carvings on an oak background the habitual substance of his airy creations, and how universally he left ends unpainted we know from that active observer, Celia Fiennes, who remarks upon that aspect of it wherever she meets it, be it as altar or chimneypiece, front cover or mirror frame. Thorpe teaches us that Webb not only established a conservative triumph in the retention of wood, unpainted as well as painted, as the leading material for all interior wall decorations, but also nurtured, through evil days, the new departure in purer and more learned design wrought by more expert craftsmen. The military disturbance, the social upheaval, the political uncertainty of Commonwealth times did much to arrest the gradual advance in those directions which can be traced by a comparison of Elizabethan with Charles I woodwork. But a good school evidently lived on, and Webb gave it all possible scope and outlet. The men employed by him in the Thorpe library

and dining-room will have been the fathers and instructors of those who, thus grounded, were able to seize upon and emulate the marvellous technique of Gibbons with such

full and facile success that their work at Chatsworth and elsewhere was, until recently, pointed out as a choice product of the master's own chisel.
H. AVRAY TIPPING.



Copyright.

13.—DOORWAY FROM CENTRAL PASSAGE INTO THE LIBRARY.

"C.L."

DREAMS

Now lay we our dreams
Deep underground,
Never to come again;
For them in all the world
No place we found.

And to their burying,
Gather and bring
Fragile wind-flowers,
That for a little space
Danced with the spring.

JOAN CAMPBELL.

ATTACKING THE LIGHT LAND PROBLEM

THE light land problem as it exists on the coastal front of East Anglia is one of the most difficult that agriculture has to face at the present time. The evidence of this is only too convincing. It will be found set forth in a pamphlet from which large quotations were given in these columns some months ago. The gist of it was that owners of light land in Norfolk showed the Board of Agriculture that it was impossible to make the growing of cereals remunerative and pay the wages demanded for the very short hours of work now obligatory. Their attitude was one of despair. That they were not unjustified is to be inferred from the land sales that have taken place in this part of the country recently. While prices go up in spite of growing obstacles on the heavy land, farms in going order in East Anglia have quite recently been sold at £10 per acre. That they did not fetch more is proof positive that the farmer does not see his way to cultivate them at a profit; but his verdict is not final, and will not be final until he changes his methods of cultivation. The Norfolk four-course system would be hard to beat as far as the greater quantity of Norfolk land is concerned; it has stood the test of many generations; but he who would make a profit out of light land must begin by discarding it. Many farmers and owners at the present moment are trying to get out of the difficulty by the old device of laying down the land to grass. A poor pasture, they argue, gives a small return, but it demands little outlay of capital, and better have a slight profit than a dead loss. But this cannot be accepted as the last word. Things have changed a good deal since the day of Arthur Young, and science would be open to very considerable reproach if it did not offer a way out of the difficulty. We have seen how the Belgians have been able to convert land as light as any in East Anglia to highly profitable soil; and the experience of Dr. Edwards at Methwold confirms the view that what has been done in the Campine can be accomplished also in East Anglia. That is a good reason for paying some attention to the latest attempt to deal with this class of land. An association called The Tenant Company, Limited, is engaged in a bold venture at Stow Bedon, near Attleboro'. At the invitation of the Chairman I went down to have a look at what had been done. Before saying anything further, it may be necessary to warn the reader that I do not pose as an authority on limited liability finance. The future of the Company depends on many factors, of which good husbandry is only one; and those who are interested in the matter must study the business side of it for themselves. My present object is only to explain the husbandry. This point, being clearly understood, I think the cultivation is of the very greatest interest.

The Company has acquired 2,200 acres of land and meditates adding to the area. The farms had previously been neglected. Much of the preliminary work consists in eliminating the couch grass which has been allowed to run riot over the fields. Much has been got rid of, and much remains to be done in this direction. But the quality of the land is wonderfully good. I have not an analysis of the soil, but am certain that when one is made it will prove to be very satisfactory. The reasons for saying this are the evidences of one's eye. In the first place, there is plenty of moisture underneath. Even in this dry season the hay harvest, in contrast with that in other parts of the country, is a heavy one, giving some seventeen large stacks which will probably yield about 340 tons. The first cut and the aftermath were both highly satisfactory. No cultivation would have secured this result in a year like the present, when we are threatened with a hay famine, if there had not been plenty of moisture in the soil. The condition of the cereal crops tells in the same direction. There are 189 acres of barley, some of which is very good indeed, and the average considerably better than that in most parts of Great Britain. There are 246 acres of oats, which are good as compared with a crop which everywhere is below the average. There are 172 acres of wheat, which is very good indeed. There are 10 acres of linseed, a crop which yields excellent returns, but is not popular because workers dislike pulling it. There are 150 acres of clover, to which reference has already been made. The condition of the roots is really

excellent considering the year. Here, as elsewhere, the swedes, mangolds and turnips, of which there are respectively 55, 44 and 16 acres, do not show large roots. Indeed, Mr. Headingham, who is responsible for the farm, worries because they are behind the condition which he has been accustomed to obtain; but they are swelling daily in this moist weather and the return ought to be good. There are no failures such as one finds on heavy land this year. The farm crops clearly show that there is a good soil with underlying moisture. There are other indications which lead to the same conclusion. The grass showed little signs of wearing till the very end of the big drought. On land that was described to me as unmanured, the growth of such vegetables as parsnips, carrots, cabbage and so on was remarkable. In a garden that had received no manure, globe artichokes, planted in April, show fine heads for cutting, and this plant will not thrive unless on good soil. The gardener told me that the long rows of celery, another gross feeder, were unmanured, but the plants were certainly above the average. These are points that would appeal to a practical farmer who wanted to know something of the growing capacity of the soil.

Already there is a considerable quantity of stock, and their condition left nothing to be desired. There are twenty-five cows employed in rearing calves, the system being that when a calf is born, another one is bought and the dam brings up two. There are thirty-one heifers in calf, thirty-one steers, eighty-three calves and forty pigs. They have all been acquired obviously by someone with a good eye for an animal; but, though fresh and thriving, they are for the most part nondescript, and it is proposed to start a pedigree herd when the time comes. There are twenty-four farm horses and four tractors. For them there is abundance of work, as the only way to get rid of the couch grass is by ploughing, cultivating and turning; in fact, the land in the early part of last century would have been thought to need the ancient operation called paring and burning.

It will be judged that a great deal of preparatory work has had to be done in the fields. This is also true of the dwelling-houses and outbuildings. In the cattle-sheds and the stables there were only mud floors, and anyone can tell what that means. These had to be replaced. In many cases barns and other outbuildings had been allowed to go to rack and ruin, and builders are busily engaged in reconstructing them. On the estate are some thirty cottages, the majority of which have needed to be repaired and made habitable; but it was necessary to do this, because unless there is housing for a considerable number of men, the project would be impossible altogether.

It is proposed, when the land is finally laid out, to devote about 300 acres to market gardening, and the lie of the land is admirably adapted for this. The little station of Stow Bedon is on the farm, and the valley which it is proposed to turn into a market garden consists of a number of little fields lying alongside of it. Market gardening must have been done largely here in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A very early writer whom we have read describes the barges of carrots which were laden for London. Onions do splendidly, and so do the various brassicas. Probably the man will make a fortune who applies practically the knowledge that this is very ideal soil on which to grow asparagus, which is an undeveloped crop on the East Coast so far, its cultivation on a large scale being avoided chiefly from the belief that it requires a great amount of hand labour. This is not so in reality—at any rate if the Belgian method is employed. This is to plant the asparagus in rows so wide apart that in the autumn when the crop is cut for the year a plough can pass between them. Practically speaking, this is the only weeding the asparagus receives; and from the breaks of it which I saw in July it seems to answer admirably.

Such vegetables as carrots and parsnips would grow like steam on the land, and there is room for a vastly extended cultivation of fruit. I noticed that the apple trees were laden in the gardens, and such money-making kinds of fruit as strawberries, raspberries and black currants could not fail to do well here. The dryness of land is usually

a great difficulty to be overcome, but here a little brook winding down the valley, and a large lake the waters of which have had to be controlled, because otherwise they

percolate the neighbouring fields, are outward and visible signs of the moisture that makes the difference between barren and highly fertile land.

P. A. G.

NATURE NOTES

REDSHANKS

THE redshank, under his label of the "cussed yelper," may rightly be regarded by shore shooters as a *bête noir*, but to the naturalist at his breeding haunts he is one of the most interesting of birds. The courtship is a spectacular performance. It consists not so much in the adoption of strained attitudes as in the exhibition of legs and wings and tail. At times the bird sidles along after the style of an amorous cock, expanding its beautiful tail feathers as it does so; at others it glides downwards towards the female and then runs beside her with uplifted wings. Yet, again, it hovers

these waders are very poor eating; I have known even bait seekers refuse them, and no wonder, for the flesh is dry and salt.

E. C. A.

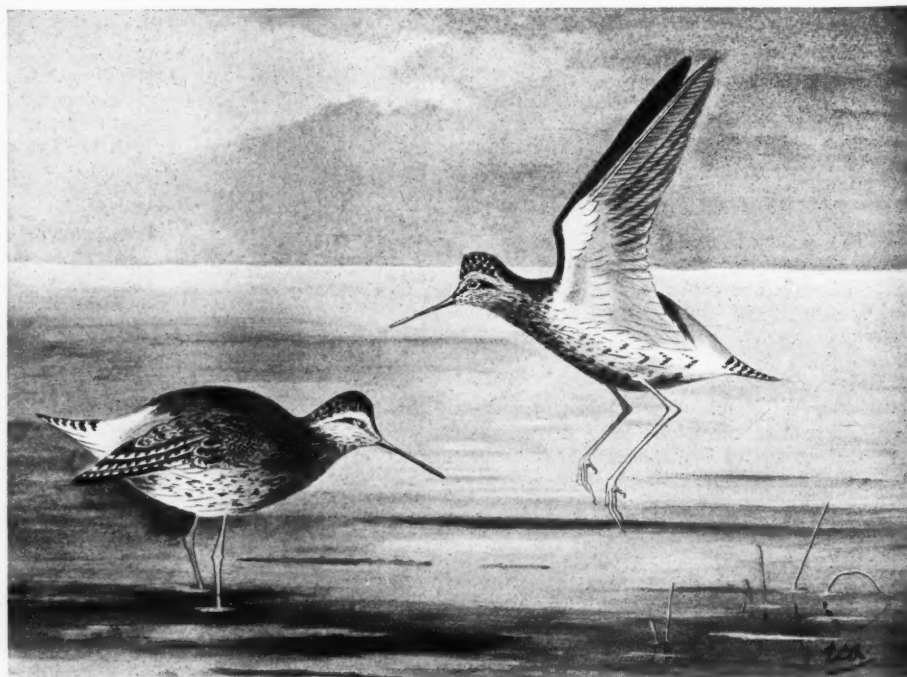
WASPS IN THE ORCHARD.

In the few sunny hours which September has afforded I have been very closely watching the wasps in a mixed orchard of plums, pears, apples, quinces and medlars. For some time past it has been urged in many quarters that the wasp is a destroyer of fruit, and certainly appearances are against it. Still my inclination is towards a verdict of "not guilty." I found the wasps most busy among the apples. Some of them they had hollowed out altogether and were packed so thick inside that actually some of the insects appear to have been smothered; at least two or three dead wasps were found in every apple of this kind. That looks bad for the creature, but the question is, how did the mischief begin? The wasp has no instrument that can pierce the skin of a healthy apple, as a woodpecker pierces the bark of a tree. Poultry run in the orchard and many of the apples had been pecked by them so as to leave a wound. Wherever that happened the wasps collected. The first offender is the bird. But still closer observation showed that the wasp was sometimes attracted to an apple that had not been attacked by a bird, but on looking closely it was seen to have some crack or defect on which the scouting wasp had concentrated his attention. A few of these defective apples I kept under careful watch and found that in every case the wasp succeeded ultimately in enlarging the opening and destroying the fruit. But not once was there clear evidence that a wasp had managed to eat in this way into a good healthy apple. Hence the verdict of "not guilty." But if the wasp is only in the position of an accessory after the crime in the orchard, he is an unmitigated nuisance inside the house where he is attracted at this time of the year by every possible description of sweet, from sugar and jam to the cook's latest confection. But it is not difficult to get rid of him. The best way undoubtedly is by using cyanide of potassium. All that need be done is to dissolve a piece in a cup of water, then walk up to the wasps' nest and, standing quietly over it, drop the solution into the opening with the aid of a little piece of sponge. Anyone who does this quietly and without fuss will never be attacked by the insects. As the poison drops down into the hole they first run about in a silly and stupid way and then die. The best time to perform the operation is towards dusk, when the last of the wasps are coming home. All those inside will be found dead when the nest, as should always be the case, is dug out next morning. It must be remembered that the grubs are not affected, and will quickly



A YOUNG REDSHANK.

on quickly beating pinions in her vicinity, its back a mass of shimmering bronze and its orange legs flashing in the sunlight like sparkling tongues of fire. The female, on the other hand, in human society would probably be styled "heavy"—she does nothing to draw out the male, contenting herself in most cases with a rather vacuous examination of the adjacent mud. While the nest contains eggs the old birds are little in evidence; the female slips off quietly and a distant "kee-wee" is all one is likely to hear or see of the owners during a lengthy search for the eggs. But when those delightful little chicks, with knees swollen like those of a colt, have been hatched, a certain liveliness supervenes. The parents keep beating up towards the intruder with a harsh "tchit-tchit" and at times dash down towards his head. A discussion was started some time since in *British Birds* as to whether the old redshanks ever carry the young out of danger with their feet after the manner of woodcock. I feel practically certain that I once saw this act performed, and after the young bird had been thus carried off in triumph, the mother, on her arrival amid several other redshanks, was greeted with a cry that I have never heard before or since. I took it to be a chorus of approval, and one can imagine the success of this manoeuvre, if thus appreciated, gradually developing a redshank trait. Though the bird is ordinarily seen upon the ground, yet it can perch on a branch if it chooses. I have seen it more than once on a bramble, and even on a telegraph wire, though in this exalted position it certainly looked somewhat uncomfortable. It is fortunate that



A REDSHANK'S COURTSHIP.

hatch out into young wasps unless dealt with. The economical method of doing this is to hand them over to the chickens, which delight in them. If that is not done they should be destroyed either by fire or water. A.

THE CUCKOO AND THE HAWK.

While motoring the other day in the neighbourhood of Newmarket on the road leading out of it into Norfolk, the occupants of the car were much interested in a bird sitting in the middle of the road. At first it was unanimously declared to be a hawk, and, indeed, it had all the appearance of one, the colouring, the slenderness of the creature, its attitude on the ground, all seemed to confirm the impression. But its conduct belied it. A hawk does not usually sit in the middle of a road when a motor

is approaching, and if disturbed it does not go on for a short distance before rising and taking flight. Indeed, it was this flight that settled the question. Nobody disputed the fact that it was a cuckoo after noticing how it flew. According to the old rhyme, in August "go he must," but this one had evidently taken an additional day or two, perhaps because he was a late nestling or, at any rate, not very vigorous. But on stopping, which we had to do a little further on owing to a burst tyre, the incident was related to an intelligent rustic, who looked on while the Stepney was being adjusted. Somebody mentioned the cuckoo, and it was curious that he seemed to believe quite sincerely in the old superstition that at harvest time all the cuckoos were changed into hawks. B.

THE ANALYSIS OF A SOUL

Deadham Hard, by Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)

LUCAS MALET in *Deadham Hard* has written a book that will add even to her great reputation. It is no flimsy catch-penny story such as suffices to while away the monotony of a railway journey, but a carefully thought-out study which enlists the full attention of the intellect from start to finish. It is nothing more nor less than an analysis of a girl's soul. We may regard the story as machinery ingeniously devised for the purpose of unrolling the workings of a pure spirit and a pellucid mind. The feature of the book which, in our opinion, must command overmastering attention, is the scene at Deadham Hard after the girl's adventure in a boat with Captain Faircloth. The strain of love which constitutes the romance of the tale is very fine, but it does not stand out as something which only Lucas Malet could have done. The diffident, faithful, self-effacing middle-aged lover and the unconscious trust of a girl which ripened into love is not beyond the compass of many writers. The incident to which we have referred could have been invented and portrayed as it is, only by Lucas Malet. Her girl Damaris up to that incident had only the qualities of a fine child—candour, sweetness, impulsiveness and so on. But it made of her a woman. We do not remember any existing parallel to the situation in literature. The whole mind of the writer seems to have gone to its making and elucidation. The *dramatis personæ* of the incident are few in number, but they are the chief characters in the novel. First, there is Sir Charles Verity, the father of Damaris, an Englishman of the best type, who has had a distinguished career in India, where he learned many things that improved his character, but at the same time acquired a somewhat Oriental method of regarding the fair sex. His wife had died after three or four years of marriage, and his daughter loves him with an affection that stops little short of idolatry. Her father was the beau-ideal of a man. But in the village there were rumours, which escaped the girl's pure ears, of an escapade of youth and a young man now a commander in the mercantile marine who bore a resemblance to the Commissioner Sahib, on which gossip was only too ready to place its own interpretation. This young man, Captain Faircloth, is another personage in the drama who must be clearly understood. A young man with great force of character, freedom of speech and great independence, who was nevertheless clear of the vices that prevail to a greater or less degree with his profession. He knows himself to be the brother of Damaris, but only in very great stress is he driven to making the fact known to her. The novelist indicates with great art and cleverness how something about the young man reassured the girl although she dreamt of no relationship. The look of his eye, the grasp of his hand, the thousand and one things which belong to a sure friendship not based on love she unconsciously felt if she did not consciously notice. And accident threw them into a dramatic situation. The story of it will indicate to the reader what he is to find without disclosing too much of the tale. It was evening at the sea-side. She had wandered forth, light-hearted and happy with the spontaneous unconditional happiness which is sufficient in itself. She put off her boots and stockings—that is a very prosaic paraphrase of the writer's beautiful language. She took off her hat, too, and, bare-footed and bare-headed, danced along the wet sands until the little waves purred and played about her ankles. But a more sober mood followed. She followed some birds eastward up-channel, until they took wing and when they flew away she knew herself to be tired and glad to rest awhile. Wearied she lay down in a depression in the dry, clean, blown sand, and in a little while fell fast asleep; and while she was asleep two things happened, the wind changed and an idiot boy carried off her boots and stock-

ings. Unaccustomed as she was to walking bare footed, a race across the sands proved almost too much. Her run slackened to a walk and when she ventured into the shallow water to get a firmer foothold, it proved too cold and she had the misfortune to tread on the top end of a razor shell buried upright in the sand. So she took to the deep, blown sand again above high water mark and ploughed along with weariness and discomfort. In a word, she lost herself, and sat down at last in despair, "pulling her skirts as low as they would come over her bare legs and clasping her hands round her knees, bowed, huddled together to gain, if might be, some sensation of warmth." In this predicament she was found by Captain Faircloth, who, partly by argument and partly by force, carried her bodily off to a boat, and on the boat the disclosure occurred. First of all he put his coat round her legs, fearful of the cold, and then the paleness of the girl began to create alarm and pity.

Her feet were stretched out as, bowed together, she sat on the low seat. His jacket had slipped away, exposing them to the weather, and the young man laying his hands on them felt them cold as in death. He held them, chafed them, trying to restore some degree of circulation. Finally, moved by a great upwelling of tenderness and of pity, and reckoning her, since she gave no sign, to be asleep, he bent down and put his lips to them.

But immediately the girl's hands were upon his shoulders.

"What are you doing, oh! what are you doing?" she cried.

"Kissing your feet."

Then the Devil, no doubt, flicking him, he let go restraint, disobeyed his own orders, raised his head, and looking at her as in the enfolding obscurity she leaned over him, said:

"And, if it comes to that, who in all the round world has a better right than I, your brother, to kiss your feet?"

So the cat was out of the bag and the young maiden was in danger of being overwhelmed. Something within her told her that the young man spoke the truth, and when she suggested that a wrong had been committed he retorted, "I suppose so, only as it has given me life I am hardly the person to deliver an unbiassed opinion on that subject." So they talked and argued themselves into an understanding of one another and the two before they parted became frank and trusting friends to one another. But it was tragedy for the girl's eye to turn on the part her father played in the drama. What with the exhaustion and the cold and the turmoil of spirit, she got a temperature when she reached home and in the course of a few hours lay dangerously ill. Now, a story like this loses a great deal from being summarised, because we are obliged to miss out all about the servants and doctors and minor actors in the play who all help to place it realistically before the mind of the reader. We can only select the salient point which is the first meeting of Damaris with her father. He had been away shooting with a friend at a distance, but posted back with all speed when he heard of the illness of his dear child. She, on her part, had lain in bed seeing visions of her father in youth and middle age and comparing them with the lineaments of Captain Faircloth till she lost her equilibrium altogether and was found by the doctor in delirium. She had recovered slightly before her father came home and the greatest scene in the book is that between the two. Here Lucas Malet rises to the extreme height of her power. The love between father and daughter is maintained in spite of the candour, none the less hurtful because of its sweetness, that is an integral part of the girl's mind. The Indian officer is compelled to be equally frank by the love he bears his daughter and a noble sort of *noblesse oblige* instinct which makes him blench from the ready falsehood that a baser mind would have had at the lips. It is like the playing of a great and noble instrument to read the exquisite play of character upon character, the regret and contrition that can neither be avoided nor mollified, and the strength that rises above it.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A GROUP OF NOTABLE SALES

REFERRING to Arlington Street a week ago, we said: "The movement to sell, whether it be town or country properties, has a way of gathering force, and there are enterprising speculators who may be considering the possibilities of this and other positions for new uses. Tradition is less likely than the existing exorbitant expense of building to stay the hand of those who would erect hotels or flats on this and neighbouring sites." Almost before the ink was dry an announcement was circulated to the effect that the Duke of Devonshire had sold his town house hard by, in Piccadilly, to a syndicate for the purposes of a hotel. The announcement, though made only on the authority of the country correspondent of a news agency and lacking confirmation from the owner's representatives, is one for which the public has been prepared for a long while, owing to the frequent rumours that Devonshire House had changed hands. Devonshire House has been occupied during the war for Red Cross work, and its conversion to residential purposes again would have been a matter of considerable time and money. Accepting the assertion that the house has been sold, some of those who have acted on behalf of would-be buyers are inclined to think that the estimate of the price paid for it, over a million sterling, errs on the side of excess, and that it is nearer £900,000. Later news is that the property has been bought by Messrs. Holland and Hannen and Cubitts, Limited, and that the Duke intends to remove some of the decorations for use elsewhere.

Devonshire House was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xxxvi, page 262). The public use to which it was put during the war has made numbers of people, who would otherwise have had no opportunity of seeing it, acquainted with its interior, and few houses have so little external suggestion of their internal impressiveness. Until 1897, when the beautiful wrought iron gates from the Duke's Chiswick house were erected in the front wall, there was nothing of the front of the house to be seen from the street, except rarely when the small gates were opened. The house stands on the site of the old Berkeley House, which had been built for Lord Berkeley of Stratton—whose name was recently mentioned in connection with Sir Marcus Samuel's purchase of the Mayfair estate—and that house was burned down in 1733. Within three or four years of the accident the present house, designed by William Kent, who received an honorarium of £1,000 for his work, was completed, the cost being the now incredibly low one of only £20,000. Impressiveness rather than anything else is the keynote of the interior. The staircase is of marble, with a rock crystal balustrade, and the ballroom and other principal chambers are of noble proportions. The grounds are very extensive. There is, as everyone knows, the spacious courtyard in Piccadilly, and at the other side of the house are the gardens, bounded on one side by Berkeley Street and on the other side by Stratton Street. These extend back to the sunk walk, connecting Hay Hill and Curzon Street, and, on the other side of the same walk, are the gardens of Lansdowne House. The house has naturally been always a social centre of pre-eminent distinction and much might be written of this aspect of it if space permitted.

MOOR PARK SOLD TO LORD LEVERHULME.

One of the principal auctions of the week—indeed, of the year—has been cancelled by the private purchase of Moor Park by Lord Leverhulme, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley acting for the vendor, Lord Ebury. Moor Park was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xxxi, 18, 56), and the articles in question were reproduced in the particulars of sale of the estate. It has been so recently referred to in these columns that its salient features must be in the minds of our readers. Whether considered solely as an estate—with its palatial mansion, magnificent within and without, its glorious gardens, still deserving of Sir William Temple's encomium in 1685, "the perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw," its deer park and its fertile farms—or from its extraordinarily rich historical associations, it is truly one of the most famous estates in England. But it has another and a newer element of value, in that the growth of Rickmansworth and Watford have rendered the conversion of a great part of the land an easy and profitable proposition if it were desired, and the 3,000 acres are ample for the formation of a garden suburb, without interference with the amenities of the mansion and its immediate environment. It would be easy, and it is tempting, to enlarge on the fascinating history of the place and its wealth of architectural points, but the temptation must be resisted in this page and the record of the sale must suffice.

WOOD NORTON DISPOSED OF.

Yet another property of the first magnitude remains to be dealt with on this occasion, namely, Wood Norton, the princely mansion with 3,600 acres in the Vale of Evesham. The estate, belonging to the Master of the Rolls, has been sold, according to reports current in the district early in the week, to a purchaser who represents the agricultural interest in the property, and it is

added, though there was no formal confirmation of the statement at the moment of writing, that the mansion has been resold by the buyers of the whole estate. The agents for the vendor are Messrs. Curtis and Henson, and, in the absence of any intimation from them, the foregoing statements are made with all due reserve. The main features of the mansion were set forth in some detail in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 16th. It is in more senses than one a princely place, and the land around it enjoys the deserved reputation of being the most productive in Worcestershire. The price mentioned locally as having been paid for the estate is £158,000.

REIGATE PRIORY.

Reigate Priory was offered at Hanover Square on Tuesday by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and bought in at £100,000, the final bid being £82,000.

THE GIANT OF CERNE ABBAS.

As was announced in the previous issue of *COUNTRY LIFE*, the Giant of Cerne Abbas is for sale. He stands 180ft. high, cut out of the turf and chalk on Trendle Hill above the Dorsetshire village, and wields a club which might have puzzled Hercules himself to swing. There are all sorts of queries as to his origin—some ingenious people even suggest a Phœnician descent—but he certainly is own brother to the "Long Man of Wilmington," familiar to travellers between Lewes and Eastbourne, and it is rather a curious fact that both are near an ancient religious foundation. The ruins of Cerne Abbas, which are included with the Giant in the forthcoming sale of the estate, comprise the old Gate House, a square embattled tower of three storeys, and a splendid stone buttressed barn which still serves its original purpose. Tradition connects St. Augustine with the abbey's foundation, but of this there is no evidence.

IMPENDING ESTATE SALES.

Messrs. Driver, Jorass and Co. are selling, at Llandrinod Wells, on October 7th, the Welsh estate, Abbey Cwmhir, with the ruins of the abbey, a property of 6,100 acres, which has already been referred to in these columns. They are to submit 1,120 acres of the outlying portions of the Hitchin Priory estate, Herts, locally on September 16th, and at South Molton, on October 9th, 1,860 acres of the southern portion of Sir William Throckmorton's Molland estate, on which the trout fishing is exceptionally good.

Messrs. Osborn and Mercer have instructions to sell the fine modern house and estate of 1,700 acres, known as Beechy Lees, half a mile from Otford Station on the London side of Sevenoaks. The estate lies in one of the most beautiful horse-shoe curves of the North Downs, and the house stands on the slope of the hill below magnificent hanging woods at an altitude of about 500ft. Beechy Lees, is described as "fitted throughout in a most sumptuous manner." The mansion, park and lowlands of 360 acres will be offered separately from the rest.

OATLANDS LODGE: GARDENS AND GROTTTO.

A notable point about Oatlands Lodge, a former residence of the Master of the Rolls, is its grotto, constructed in 1747 for the first Earl of Lincoln at a cost of £40,000. The three chambers, decorated with shells and minerals, were a favourite retreat of the Duchess of York in the absence of her husband, who was with the Army in Flanders. Her Grace's dogs were buried and their names recorded in a grass plot at the entrance to the grotto. Oatlands Lodge, a mile from Weybridge and Walton Stations, stands in about twenty acres of grandly timbered parklands, on part of the ancient Royal demesne of Oatlands, and is a substantial structure in the Italian style. The billiard-room has an original Elizabethan carved oak mantel and overmantel bearing the Royal arms. The view across the Thames Valley, with the lake known as The Broadwater in the foreground, is very fine. The grounds are laid out in part in terraces, with sloping lawns and broad stone steps. The formal garden, the hanging banks of rhododendrons and laurels, and the wild and rose gardens, are as pretty as any in the country. Messrs. Curtis and Henson will sell the freehold, with possession on completion of the purchase, by order of executors on September 29th.

SALE OF BUCKDEN TOWERS.

Memories of an old ecclesiastical feud are revived by the private sale of Buckden Towers, near Huntingdon, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, jointly with Messrs. Dilley, Son and Read, who bought in the property at auction at the end of July. The house is modern, and stands in grounds of nearly 17 acres, containing the ruins of Buckden Palace. The palace was built soon after the grant, early in the twelfth century, of the estate to the Bishop of Lincoln, as some recompense for the erection of Ely into a See. The last episcopal occupant of the palace, Dr. Kaye, left it in 1838. Among the famous residents at Buckden Palace was, for a while, Catherine of Arragon.



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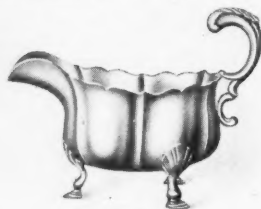
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CORRESPONDENCE

ARCHERY AS A SPORT FOR DISABLED MEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the meeting of the Grand National Archery Society, held at Malvern on July 30th and 31st, it was suggested that many people would take up this pastime if they had the opportunity of knowing to whom they should apply for the necessary information. People are under the impression that the pastime of archery has died out. This is not so, for in 1914 no fewer than five public meetings were held, and over eighty clubs and societies in all parts of great Britain were in existence. It is a pastime which can be thoroughly enjoyed from early youth to ripe old age, and incapacity from taking part in other sports does not necessarily debar one from becoming efficient as an archer. In days of old our country was saved by the proficiency of our archers; in days to come, archery may be the means of dispelling the dullness of many an hour for those who have saved our homes. It is felt that there are many who have suffered for their country and are unable to take part in strenuous sports to whom archery might appeal and would be beneficial. To these we, who are devotees of archery, will gladly give all the assistance in our power. We hope that any person to whom this letter may appeal will communicate with Mr. G. B. Hayter, Honorary Secretary, Royal Toxophilite Society, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1, who has promised to give them the address of the secretary or member of the nearest archery society, who will, we feel assured, do all in his power to assist them.—PEREGRINE PRINCE (President), GEOFFREY CORNEWALL (Chairman of Committee).

BARLOW WELL DRESSING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An old custom of dressing the wells has just been carried out at Barlow, a small village in Derbyshire. It is many years since the great drought in Derbyshire, when crowds flocked to the well which never failed in its water



"THE MEET" IN MOSS AND FLOWERS.

supply. How grateful they must have felt to the well which had a continual supply, when their own wells had long since failed. In honour of the occasion they decorated it with flowers and evergreens. It is now between thirty and forty years since the well was first dressed, and it has long been dry, probably through coal workings, which have drained away the supply. The dressing is done as follows: A lattice framework is first made and covered with clay. The design is then drawn on paper and placed on the clay, cut out and then filled in with larch bark. The paper is then taken off and the design worked in with moss, parsley and flowers. The design represents Major Wilson's Barlow Hounds, and is arranged in four panels, showing, "The Meet," with hounds and huntsmen assembled; "Tally Ho!" gives a view of the fox, with dogs and huntsmen; "Full Cry," shows the hunt; and "The Kill," depicts the capture of the fox. An archway over is worked in flowers and bears the words, "Peace and Goodwill to All Men," and surmounting the whole is a horse's head. The flowers used in making the picture are rambler roses, stocks, chrysanthemums, yarrow, and others, together with parsley and black and silver moss. On completion of the dressing the ceremony of blessing the well is performed by the Vicar of the village.—CHAS. BAKER.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A rather remarkable instance of friendship among animals has just come to my notice. A farmer neighbour of mine has a team of wagon horses employed in the haulage of china clay from the kilns to the port. Passing through his fields one afternoon, when the horses were being turned out after the day's work, I noticed one heading at full gallop for a corner of the field

that adjoined a lane. Reaching the hedge it took the jump with ease, a neat accomplishment for a clumsy wagon horse, and made off up the lane. Some time afterwards I chanced to be in the same field and found the gap very securely timbered up. Curiosity prompted me to make some inquiries, with the result that an interesting story was revealed. It appears that during the day this horse had recognised another horse with which it had been reared, and although their original home farm was in a distant part of the country and the period of their separation amounted to several years, the recognition was mutual. Every evening, when the day's work was done, off would go my friend's horse over the hedge to the farm, some distance away, to spend its leisure in the company of its old-time friend. It may be stated that this friendship was absolutely platonic.—G. PETERS MICHELL.

WHEN SILENCE IS FOLLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the last month I have been sight-seeing in London, travelling by 'bus from one suburb to another, and I have found, on Saturday nights, at every street corner in the poorer shopping districts an orator whose harangue would lead the uninitiated to think that we were on the verge of revolution. On Tower Hill I found a meeting in support of a Police Union, at Hyde Park a protest procession of Transport Workers; but never anywhere is a voice raised to support the opposite view. There are without a doubt thousands of men and women who are aware that conditions are not ideal, but not awake to the fact that Bolshevik methods of ending the dispute between Capital and Labour must end the prosperity of England too. I venture to suggest that this active campaign of agitation should be counteracted by an exposition of saner views. Surely men and women of goodwill who have had practice as speakers might well band themselves together to make the arguments of the other side assimilable for the audience of the street corner orator, which otherwise, hearing one side only, may be led to think it the only one.—COUNTY WOMAN.

TO OUTWIT FLIES AND MIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Reading in COUNTRY LIFE for August 23rd about a net for keeping off flies and midges, it may also interest your readers to know that a few drops of oil of white birch, touched by the finger on a hat or ribbon, or on a rag tucked in a hat-band, will prevent any of these pests from coming near. Personally, this past summer I have relieved several horses tortured by flies by putting a drop or two on their ears and about the harness. In one minute the horse was at perfect rest.—D. C.

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps your correspondent will find her question answered by this quotation from the Lindley "Treasury of Botany": "Vinegar Plant.—During the process of acetous fermentation of liquids a coat of greater or less thickness, consisting of many layers separable the one from the other, is formed on the surface. This under the microscope is found to consist of underlaced delicate branched threads, which, if placed in circumstances favourable to their development, give rise to a crop of *Penicillium glaucum*, a universally distributed mould belonging to the mucedinous order Hyphomycetes. If a portion of this coat is placed in a solution of sugar and water, kept in a proper temperature, the whole is converted into vinegar far more rapidly than it would be without the presence of the fungous mass. It is therefore called the vinegar-plant, and is much used in the manufacture of vinegar. The exact mode in which the vinegar-plant operates on the solution is not known, but it is supposed that it acts in the same way as the yeast plant, though a much less surface is presented to the decomposable fluid. *Rhizophina* also is sometimes called Vinegar plant."—M.G.

[We must express the hope that no reader of COUNTRY LIFE will attempt to use the latter plant for any such purpose as vinegar making.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The vinegar enquired for by a correspondent is made by means of the vinegar plant, which is a fungus somewhat resembling those known by the name of mould. It is produced in the following manner: Take a quarter of a pound of brown sugar and half a pound of treacle and three quarts of cold water. Mix these well together and simmer for about half an hour. It is then poured into a jar and covered over. It should be kept in a warm place—not hot—for six weeks. The liquid becomes vinegar, and on the top will be found a scum-like fungus which is the vinegar plant. By adding a piece of this to a similar solution, the process of making vinegar now takes place in a much shorter time. During this process the plant thickens by the formation of a new layer on the underside, and by peeling off a piece of this and using it on fresh "solution," the plant may be propagated with very little or no trouble. In the North of England this vinegar is much relished, and the fungus or plant is called "The Vinegar Mother." To some tastes this vinegar is rather insipid.—M. R.

SNAKE AND STOAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While out shooting the other day a friend of mine shot a stoat. We found that the stoat was lying within a few inches of a large grass snake. The snake was dead, several of the shot having struck it. The stoat had not touched the snake. Was the stoat after the snake or the snake after the stoat? The stoat was quite a small one.—GUY BARCLAY.

[It is not on record that stoats will eat snakes and a grass snake is certainly most unlikely to attempt the life of a stoat. It seems probable that the killing of snake and stoat together, described by our correspondent, was simply an interesting coincidence, not the outcome of any intention of either creature.—ED.]

A REMARKABLE VIPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the account of the large viper killed on July 17th in the Isle of Wight by Mr. (?) W. A. Rayner the writer states that he is sure of its identity. He adds "it is not the ordinary grass snake." Had he added "nor a specimen of the smooth snake (*Coronella laevis*) either," or words to that effect, that would have proved to most people that it really was a viper. The question is, did the writer know of the existence of this other species? The *Coronella laevis* is now more often met with than was formerly the case, and it is to be found in most of the southern counties. I have seen one in Sussex probably longer than 3ft. 5ins., but it was not measured. It was killed by a neighbour's gamekeeper, who thought it was a viper, and I did not attempt to undeceive him, as I knew he would not care nor even probably recognise the differences if pointed out to him. However, I was sorry afterwards that I had not taken the body and sent it to some local museum. It would be of interest to learn if Mr. W. A. Rayner had his large "viper" preserved. The first specimen of *Coronella laevis* that I remember was an extremely small one in 1880 or 1881, and occurred in Berkshire. It had been caught by a school friend of mine, and after it had bitten him it was slain and taken by him to the science master, who identified it as a harmless smooth snake, and we were assured that no remedies need be applied. There is no V-shaped mark on its head, but the head has darker blotches on it; in fact, it is much more like the common grass snake without the yellowish white ring of the latter. The lines on the back seem to run the length of the snake, these lines being marked by disconnected dark spots instead of being zigzagged across the width as in the viper, in which these dark bands are quite wide; but for a scientific description I will leave it to someone with specimens to study. The largest viper I have seen was just short of a high walking-stick, as I remember making a notch on my stick (which was probably just 3ft.) to mark the length of the viper, so I suppose this one was 2ft. 10ins.—EDWARD KING.

AN UNPLEASANT PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers suggest a solution of the following unpleasant little problem in natural history? One evening in the late spring or early summer I found about a dozen very small and rather torpid fleas dotting the white cover of my dressing-table. The table stands under the window of a room in this very old house, in whose eaves starlings were building. The question I want to have answered is: Are birds infested by fleas? If so, they (the fleas) may have dropped in through the open windows from the nests which were not far overhead.—JULIE C. CHANCE.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In Eastern Bengal and Assam, where there are countless *bheels* (swamps), the villagers sometimes employ a unique method of catching a large quantity of fish in a short space of time. The scheme only suits the narrower *bheels*, and those that are fairly shallow. On an appointed day hundreds gather from all sides—men, women and children—and arrange themselves in a solid line, or several such lines, across the *bheel*, at one end of it. They then slowly advance to the other end, each man using a small, conical basket, the open end of which is dabbed down into the water for the purpose of trapping the panic-stricken fish, which, when caught, are transferred to a wicker creel carried at the waist. Those fish that manage to escape through the first line are captured by the second or third lines, or by the women and children, who betake themselves to odd corners of the swamp and act as moppers-up, using harpoons and nets in addition to the conical basket previously referred to. The whole proceeding is extraordinarily like a military assault as regards the tactics employed. In this manner thirty to forty maunds of fish are caught in a single afternoon and the villagers provided with food for days. On these occasions innumerable kites hover overhead, and, swooping down, find the smaller fish an easy prey. Altogether it is a very bad time for the fish, but as every year has its rainy season, and each rainy season has its floods, the swamps are periodically restocked, with the result that the people repeat the process from time to time, confident of a big catch on every occasion when they go out fishing.—B. C. G.



NOT MUCH CHANCE FOR THE FISH.

PUG AND RABBIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of my pug and one of my pedigree Dutch rabbit's. The pug treats her with great contempt, only occasionally



THE DEVOTED RABBIT AND THE DISDAINFUL PUG.

condescending to notice her, while the rabbit, on the other hand, is most anxious to be friends and hurries up to my pug to say "good morning," sniffs at his feet and squats down in front of him and does everything she can to attract his notice.—G. SELDON-TRUSS.

A FRIENDLY RACCOON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

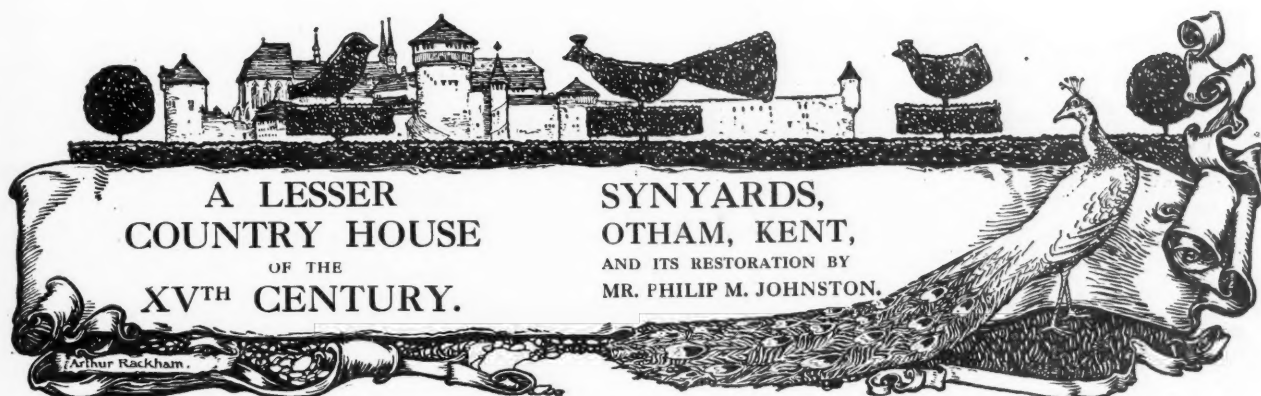
SIR,—I enclose two photographs of my North American raccoon. I had him when he was a very small baby, and he was born in captivity. He is one of



JOEY.

HIS DAINTY MANNERS.

the tamest "wild" animals I have ever had, and is allowed full liberty, but spends most of his time in the house or garden; he does not in the least mind how one picks him up—by his tail, hind legs, fore legs, back, anywhere, it is just the same to him, and for the whole five years I have had him I have never known him attempt to bite anyone, and he will take the very tiniest bit of raw meat from one's fingers just as gently as any dog. His diet consists of fruit, cake, biscuit, raw vegetables, rats, sparrows and kittens (the latter are skinned for him); also fowls' heads and insides—rather a disgusting diet, but necessary for his health. He used to be kept in a large aviary, but he is now never shut up day or night. He was for two years "on deposit" at the London "Zoo," in the Small Cat House, and I had several offers from various people to buy him. One persistent "Yank" could not imagine why I would not sell him, as he "would give anything for the cute little beast." On the whole, I think raccoons are one of the nicest of the small carnivora to keep as pets, as they are perfectly clean in the house, get on well with the dogs, and are very lively and amusing. I have been promised a wife for Joey, so that I hope he will be a proud father next year. He washes all meat before eating it. Joey will not touch any of the domestic animals—hens, rabbits, etc.—but it took some time to train him to leave them alone.—E. G. FALKNER.



It is admittedly a somewhat delicate matter for a man to compose his own epitaph; and, similarly, for an architect to write upon a building that has passed through his own hands. However, in the present instance, the new work being almost entirely of a utilitarian character, this account is practically limited to describing the ancient features of a singularly interesting house, to tracing its history, and to relating exactly what has been done to rescue it from decay and ill usage. Happily, the case was one which called for the minimum of additions to the ancient fabric; and the restoration or repair of the old work, together with the removal of disfiguring excrescences, was throughout the dominating motive of both client and architect.

The house stands high on the summit of the hill that winds up from Bearstead, open to every wind that blows and also to the sunshine. Unlike so many of its type, it is well set back from the roadway, and when the trees have attained a larger growth the setting will be well-nigh perfect.

Of documentary history Synyards, like its neighbour, Wardes, described in *COUNTRY LIFE* for August 30th, has absolutely none discoverable. The name seems really to be Swineyard, or Swineyards, indicating perhaps that a former occupier bore that homely patronymic, or that he was the owner of extensive piggeries; but it is uncertain whether the name is as old as the house, which was doubtless built for his own habitation by a prosperous yeoman in about 1450-70. It was remodelled internally some fifty years later, and was altered again by the insertion of new glazed windows towards the end of the sixteenth century. The large gabled dormer of the front, bearing the date 1663, marks a further period of repair, and at that or a slightly later date a kitchen was built on to the back; while, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, there were minor alterations and disfigurements, but happily nothing that could not be undone. Including the recent restoration and adaptation for present uses, there have, therefore, been five or six building periods to bring the house to its existing form; yet it still remains essentially the fifteenth century yeoman's house, and few more perfect specimens of its class and date have come down to our day. Testimony should here be borne to the zeal shown by both the former owner, Mr. Walter Fremlin of Milgate Park, hard by, and the present owner, Mr. Ambrose Boyson, for the scrupulous preservation of every scrap of old work, in which endeavour no architect or antiquary could have had more sympathetic clients than the present writer.

In plan, like others of its class, the fifteenth century house consisted of a central hall, open from floor to roof, and warmed by a brazier fire, set on a square of stone paving in the middle of the floor, which was of stamped lime strewn with rushes. The great chimney stack, shown in Fig. 1 (which is taken from the west, or W.S.W., to be accurate)

and the smaller one did not then exist; there was no gable or dormer to break the steep expanse of roof—probably covered with thatch in those days—and the wood-smoke, after curling about among the rafters (which are still heavily furred with it), found its way out through the unglazed windows in the upper part of the hall walls, where a range of six narrow lights with four-centred arched heads was discovered and opened out at the restoration. These are in the west front and the left-hand half is original work, while the other, which had been partly cut away for the insertion of a modern window, has been restored. The new oak looks black by contrast with the whitened framework of the old half, and the inner tracery of the original is also dark compared with its setting, having acquired the rich tone that old oak sometimes gains by being covered up for a long time from the air. This window may be regarded as a very good example of its date and type. It was not originally glazed and has no glass-groove, but is delicately moulded like screenwork in a church. The frame is rebated on the inside for a shutter.



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1.—ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

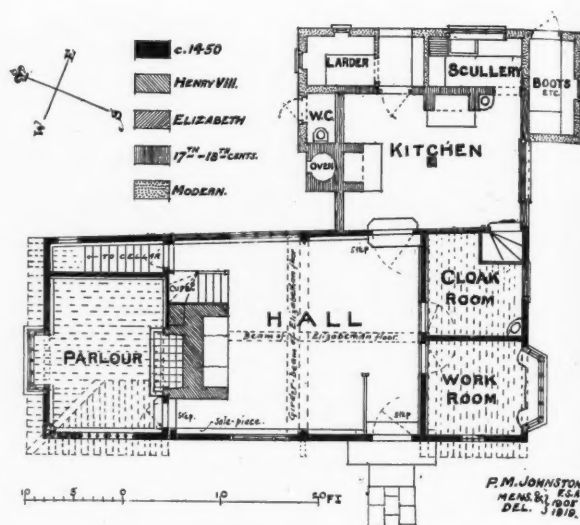
Probably the hall had another pair of such windows in its rear or east wall, but as this side was largely reconstructed in the Elizabethan period, they have gone. To reconstruct the hall in its mediaeval aspect, we must picture to ourselves a great oblong room 25ft. 6ins. by 19ft. 6ins., of timber framework, with interspaces filled with clay and straw pugging on stout oak laths, plastered both sides with a coat of white lime putty between the oak timbers, the ground-sill of which was bedded upon a dwarf wall of Kentish rag-stone. The walls of this hall were about 7ins. thick, 14ft. high from the floor to the top of the wall plate, and 20ft. from the floor to the apex of the roof, which is of somewhat acute pitch. Across the middle, but not quite in the centre, a massive tie beam was thrown, braced by curved timbers to the heavy moulded posts in the walls, and from this beam rose an octagonal king post with moulded capital and base, from

which branch out four curved braces to the pole plate and collars of the open-raftered roof. The rafters and collars, laid on the flat, as usual in this period, are 6ins. by 3½ins., the pole plate is 6ins. by 4½ins., the king post is 7ins. in diameter and its shaped brackets are 3ins. thick—all very satisfactory sizes both for appearance and for what they have to do. The front entrance doorway, 4ft. 1in. wide, is in the southern end of the wall and an exactly similar opening faces it in the back wall.

The end walls of the hall, south and north, were of timber framing, somewhat differently disposed both as to the spacing of the timber and the position of the doors therein (see plan, Fig. 2), the south wall having a pair of doors divided only by a wide oak post, while at the opposite end the doors were separated by the width of the hall, and between them stretched a close-boarded screen with battlemented cornice.

This hall was originally open from floor to rafters, but was flanked by two-storeyed wings, that on the north containing a small oblong parlour, 15ft. 6ins. by 11ft. 7ins.; and the southern a pair of little rooms, about 9ft. 6ins. to 10ft. square, and the entrance to the sleeping apartments over both wings must have been by ladders or skeleton stairs. These double-storeyed wings are well shown on the exterior (Figs. 1 and 3), and the projection of the upper floor, which is such a picturesque feature, is indicated on the plan (Fig. 2). It is a curious point that the left-hand or northern wing is wider and more important than the southern. Its upper floor overhangs both on the side and in front, while in the narrower southern wing the upper storey projects only on the front. The reason for this is that the northern wing contained on the ground floor the parlour, and on the floor over the bedchamber of the master and mistress, while on the opposite side the two little square rooms of the ground storey were doubtless the buttery and pantry, or store-room, and the long and narrow chamber over was probably a sleeping apartment for the children or women servants. There is a significant difference in the details which emphasises the greater importance of the northern wing, viz., that it retains—in very perfect condition—a pair of three-light arched windows in the front, shorter, but otherwise identical with those in the hall; and the corner post, formed out of the trunk of an oak tree, with its butt end upside down, fashioned into the spur or bracket, and having a moulded capital, but no base.

It is a singular point that the brackets that support the eaves plate across the central space between the wings are so arranged that the central pair, which spring so picturesquely from a jutting-out timber carried on another bracket



2.—GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

are not central with the hall, but a foot or two to the south. In this they correspond with the moulded wall-post within and the tie beams, which, as before remarked, are not in the centre of the hall. Note the charming effect produced by these brackets, especially as seen in the sharp perspective of Fig. 3. What a lesson in the beauty of simple forms and homely materials when handled with that touch of unconscious genius that belonged to the old English craftsmen! There are few things more satisfying and more perfect in their subtle simplicity, in their breadth and in the cunning and carefully finished bits of detail than these Kentish timber-framed houses; and quiet, humble little Synyards would be hard to beat compared with any of them.

The solar, or first-floor chamber, of the north wing has a window of two wide openings, with only a broad post between. Perhaps these openings were anciently filled with the screen-like moulded bars and the delicate little arched heads that remain in the openings beneath and in the hall; but without positive evidence, which was lacking, it seemed wiser to leave them as they are, removing the unsightly painted casements that filled them and substituting leaded glazing. The window in the north wall of the solar and the delightful little bay window below on the ground floor are Elizabethan insertions, taking the place of the original openings. From the character of the rag-stone foundation of this bay, with its hollow-moulded plinth course, it is possibly older than the Elizabethan wood frame, which sits rather clumsily on it, or it may belong to the Henry VIII period of the fireplace. The prettily moulded mullions and narrow openings deserve careful study. The same bold torus moulding, joined to a delicate hollow, is found in the other inserted windows of Elizabeth's reign in the solar, the hall, back and front, etc. This detail is valuable in dating the work, as in the attic window of 1663 and the five-light window below it, the torus is used without the hollow. The date and a heart are worked in a dark composition in the plaster of the gable end, and the gable rafter and frieze below are carved with the dentil and egg-and-tongue mouldings of that period. The slender chimney-shaft to the right (Fig. 1) is of this date and rests only on a wooden beam. The massive stack on the left, having a well designed head with a necking and five oversailing courses, groups together the large flues of the hall and parlour and the solar over. The mellow tone of the thin Tudor bricks is delightful.

The right-hand wing we found to be in a very precarious state owing to the decay of its timbers—it faces south and west—and the upper storey had to be jacked up, and a new sill or plate inserted on the overhanging joists. The ends of this were left projecting as in the old. We removed a brick wall which had been built in advance of the old timbers on the ground storey, and disclosed the original window, which is simply an oblong with slender intermediate posts of square section set diamond-wise—perhaps one of the most primitive forms of window to be found in woodwork. On the return (south) side an Elizabethan bay window, with canted sides is shown on the plan. Though old, it is not indigenous, but was brought about twenty years ago from an old house in Maidstone and erected against the west side of the hall, where now is restored the five-light window. As the wall where it now stands had been largely rebuilt with brickwork and

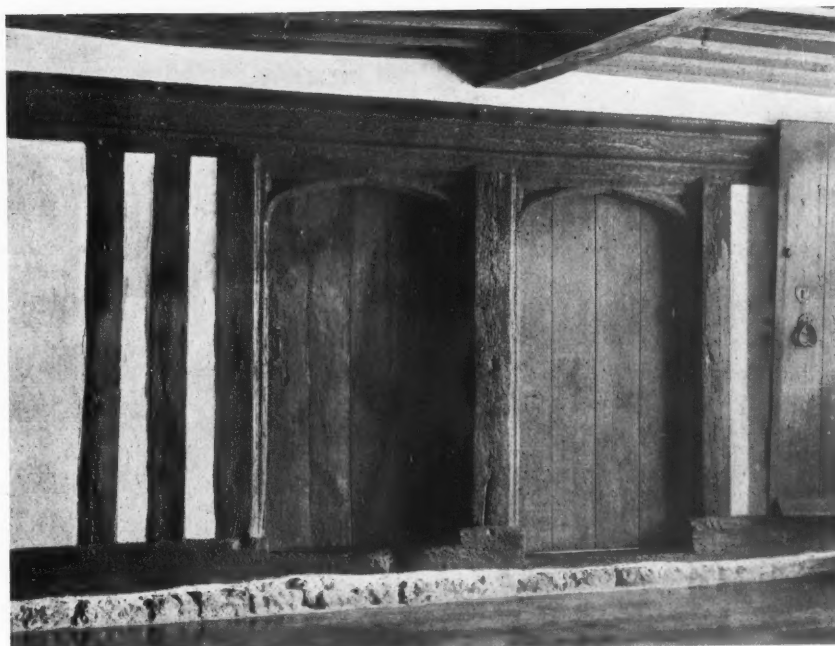


3.—SIDE VIEW OF ENTRANCE FRONT.

weather-boarding, it saved the trouble of renewing to put it there, and it forms in itself a pleasant addition to this small room. Another addition is a strip of Elizabethan oak panelling which was removed from the parlour to expose the original timber framing of the walls. A section of this has been left against the rear or east wall of the parlour, but there was another length—now serving as a draught screen by the front door in the hall—on the wall to the left of the parlour fireplace, which we took away because it was found to cover up the far more interesting fifteenth century screen of wrought and chamfered oak boards grooved into one another. This had extended continuously across the hall before the fireplace was built, and in the cupboard under the stairs, *behind the brickwork*, is still to be seen a length of battlemented moulding which formed a cornice to the screen in its unaltered state.

The entrance doorway of the hall from the west, and its companion on the east side, are in very perfect preservation. The arch, which was covered by a Georgian door-case, is of four-centred form, with plain sunk spandrels. It is crowned by a battlemented cornice on the outside, like that above described. The upstanding door-sill of oak has to be stepped over. Inside in the south end of the hall are the two similar ancient doorways—one retaining its original plank door—also with four-centred arches beneath a boldly moulded beam (Fig. 4), where also the sill-plate is continuous and has to be stepped over on crossing the threshold. We found the same ancient method in the two doorways at the north end, and to preserve it a step up and down into the parlour had to be constructed (see plan, Fig. 2). This arrangement is, perhaps, a trifle awkward, especially in bringing things from the kitchen, but it was deemed to be too precious a detail to be sacrificed for mere convenience. The fine beams and stop-chamfered joists of the Elizabethan floor inserted over the hall, freed from the more modern plastered ceiling, add greatly to the charm of this beautiful room; and the huge open fireplace, with its cambered oak lintel and rag-stone jambs, crowned by a breast of red bricks, is the last touch in a very perfect interior. An interesting detail is evidence for this fireplace belonging to the Henry VIII period, when the hall was still open to the roof. There is a zigzag line in the brickwork on both sides showing that it originally gathered in as a sort of hood, and when the floor was inserted in Elizabeth's reign the jambs were built up vertically; but the tell-tale lines remain. The hearth stones and rubble back are original.

The fireplace inserted in the parlour in Henry VIII's reign, back to back with that in the hall, is unusually elaborate. Its breast is of brick, retaining, as does that in the hall, its original pointing, and the arch, or head, in Kentish rag, is formed of two long stones, butted



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4.—OLD DOORWAYS IN HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

against each other. Jambs and head are moulded with the ogee and hollow finely chiselled, and in the spandrels are two beautiful bits of carving—the Tudor rose on a streamer of foliage, and a sort of true lovers' knot or Carrick-bend, like a pair of interlaced figure 8's, with the bottoms split and curled. It is evidently a cipher, or merchant's mark, and may well relate to the occupier of Synyards early in the sixteenth century. In the oak wall plate over this are still the pin-holes that held the boarded screen before the fireplace was inserted.

The stone cellar under the parlour, to which access is gained by means of the fifteenth century stone stair, is built very solidly of rag-stone. Besides retaining ample space for wine and game larders, this cellar proved a perfect god-send, as we were able to partition off in it with concrete slab walls enough room for a small Grundy hot-air stove, which, without unsightly dust-collecting pipes, warms the little house to perfection and keeps it dry—besides serving as a rubbish destructor. It may be worth recording that the total cost of this apparatus was £40—in the good old days before the war.

In the solar above is another excellent stone fireplace, which is well worth illustrating (see Fig. 5) for the piece of coeval tempera painting on the plastered brick breast above it. This is tinted pale yellow, and the Welsh dragon and the lion of England in black outlines face each other over a vase containing fruit and foliage. On the opposite wall, wreathed in foliage, are a merman and a mermaid holding sprays of foliage. It is not, perhaps, sufficiently realised that many of these old timber-frame houses in Kent, Surrey and Sussex were decorated more or less elaborately in colour. Here at Synyards, before the Reformation, the master evidently intended to make much of his solar or bed-chamber. Painting of very similar date and character has lately been found in an old house in Rochester, which may be assigned to Henry VIII's reign.

Either in the Elizabethan period or in 1663, when the additional floor was inserted in the hall and the attic rooms formed over, a brick fireplace, plastered to imitate stone was built on to the south wall of the hall on the first floor. The staircase that now gives access to this end of the house, and which is connected by a long passage with the stairs at the north end, was probably made at the latter date. There is a nice pine door of moulded boards in this passage. In what is now the long attic bedroom are to be seen the tie-beam and king post of the fifteenth century open roof.

Little need be said as to the eighteenth century additions at the back. They and the additions of 1905 have added considerably to the comfort of the house. The kitchen, formerly a ground storey building, now carries an upper storey (containing a servants' bedroom, bathroom and linen cupboard) of brick-nogging weather-boarded, with a tiled roof of good pitch; and a new chimney to serve the fireplaces on this side has been built in conformity with the old ones. The new out-offices are of one storey.

PHILIP MAINWARING JOHNSTON.



5.—FIREPLACE IN SOLAR.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

MARK OF THE PERCHERON IN THE CITIES.

I HAVE been sent a copy of the preliminary catalogue referring to Lord Lonsdale's Percheron horses, which he has ordered to be sold at Tattersalls', Knightsbridge, on the 22nd inst. It is made clear that he "is selling solely on account of being over-stocked." The fact should be good news to many people who have long been trying in vain to acquire the pure-bred horses from France. The difficulty has been (1) to find them in France; and even when found (2) to get permission from the French Government for their export to this country. It has to be remembered that there is a great shortage of horses in France as a result of the steady drain on the supply throughout the years of war, and even the offer of very big money will not tempt the farmers and breeders of the Perche district to part with their young stock of pure Percheron breeding. Readers will remember that some months ago the French Government gave permission to the British Percheron Horse Society to buy forty mares and ten stallions. Mr. W. Overman and Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton secured close on thirty mares and about four stallions. They were brought over and disposed of at a closed auction held at Sir

and I suppose it is the same in every big industrial city; indeed, I know that it is so from personal observation. The Army had sold over 100,000 horses some time ago, and sales of surplus horses are still going on. Of course, the prices are not what they were when the heavy draught horses brought such extraordinary prices at Tattersalls' and elsewhere in the winter months, when the average price of *all classes* steadily rose from about £19 to £38 on a total of 90,000 horses. To-day we see these grand horses doing splendid work in private ownership. They are without their breast harness now and the Percheron-breds are not hauling guns, springless limbered wagons and general service wagons. But any unprejudiced observer must admit that the carts and wagons of business firms have never before been so well horsed.

What a difference compared with 1917 and 1918, when horses were lamentably poor in condition through old age, poor food, and over-work! Have you noticed what a lot of greys and blacks there are about? They are the typical Yankees. You can tell them, too, from the absence of feather on their strong limbs, and their brands in many cases still show their one-time war service in Government ownership. Look out for the U on the off hindquarter between the point of the hip and the round bone.

It was put on them in the United States within a few minutes of their purchase by our War Office buyers. Then look for the S on the near shoulder which was branded on immediately prior to their sale. It showed that they were surplus to War Office requirements. Then look for the brands on the near hindquarters, which were also put on after purchase in America. You will notice the broad arrow thus Δ and a letter or other mark indicating the identity of the buyer. Thus a Z was the mark placed on all purchased by that fine buyer Major Blennerhasset, who is well known as the Irish Turf Club's starter in Ireland. An inverted letter P, shown thus, \downarrow , was the mark of Major Power, who has now resumed his position as secretary to the Derby County Race Club. And so on. Personally, it delights me to see these ex-Army horses doing so well and giving such great satisfaction to their present owners.

I am writing on the eve of the highly important yearling sales and racing at Doncaster, so that a subject for next week's notes is assured. But Chuette's notable success at Derby and Haki's Prince Edward Handicap triumph at Manchester are still recent enough to call for a few lines of comment. Chuette is a

daughter of Cicero and Chute, and she just smashed up Dominion, who was backed to odds on to defeat her for the Breeders' St. Leger at Derby. If Chuette is not absolutely the best of her age, colt or filly, she, at any rate, showed up the limitations of Dominion, who had been "boosted" as extremely likely to win the St. Leger. I am not afraid of Dominion making me look foolish by winning the St. Leger after all, because I do not think it is possible he can do so. Chuette exposed his limited capacity and at the same time caused those people to think again who have persistently claimed he was an unlucky loser of the Derby through having put his foot in a hole during the race at Epsom. I really think Chuette would have won the St. Leger had she been entered, and she has been given a reasonable chance of winning the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire. Let me, however, throw out a warning as regards the Cesarewitch. She may not be trained for it, as her trainer, Major Beatty, sensibly realises that it might ruin her to subject her to such a severe ordeal at the end of a long season of hard work. She has so far taken part in six races, of which she has won four. Haki is a wonderful example of a horse not maturing until very late in life. You have to bear in mind that he is a seven-year-old and a stallion, which makes his case all the more remarkable. Yet this season he has won the Ascot Stakes, Goodwood Stakes and Prince Edward



W. A. Rouch.

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LORD GLANELLY'S BRIGHT FOLLY BY BLACK JESTER—BRIGHT.

Winner of the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby.

Merrik Burrell's place in Sussex. Some astonishingly big prices were paid. I am told that the balance of the number originally agreed to by the French will shortly be acquired and brought over for disposal among the British members. Those are all I know of as coming into this country, except some which I believe Mr. Gray of Templecombe is importing from the United States.

Thus there will be much interest in Lord Lonsdale's sale. There are as many as fourteen lots, and one of them is the eight-year-old grey stallion Lagor, which, among his achievements in the show ring, won first prize at the Nogent-le-Rotrou Show in 1914. Nogent, by the way, may be described as the headquarters of the Percheron breed in France. Only one yearling, a colt, is being offered, and the rest are made up of three two-year-olds, two three-year-olds, one four-year-old, two six-year-olds, and two seven-year-olds—all mares, with the exception of a two-year-old grey colt. Two geldings make up the fourteen lots. One of the three-year-olds is by Lagor, and the seven-year-old Mesnière was second at the Royal Show last June. It will be a most interesting sale, especially as it is the first open sale of Percherons held in this country.

As I pass along the streets of London I am constantly being reminded of the big part now being played by the Percheron-bred horses from America in our commercial horse transport,

Handicap, two being races of two miles and the other of two miles and three furlongs. I take off my hat to him, so to speak, as also to his most able trainer, Alec Taylor. No doubt, of course, the horse has been aided to his triumphs by the fact of this having been a very lean season for long distance horses, but, this apart, the sequence is still quite a wonderful one. He is by

Rabelais from Hasseki and was bred in France, his former owner, before the horse passed into the ownership of Mr. W. M. Cazalet, being M. Calmann. Rabelais was by St. Simon, and as a race-horse in England he won the Goodwood Cup for the late Mr. Arthur James, who was also his breeder. In France Rabelais became one of the foremost sires of his day.

PHILIPPUS.

SALMON FISHING IN SCOTLAND

THE proprietors of "salmon anglings," as the agents put it, have suffered much less during the war than the unfortunate owners of grouse, moors and forests, who had perforce to do without tenants. There has been quite a lot of fishing done "on the quiet"; not, as it were, surreptitiously, but unostentatiously. There is little blare of trumpets in connection with fishing: the necessary arrangements are comparatively simple and can be made at short notice: a wire of encouragement from the man on the spot, *re* state of water, was sufficient to bring the weary worker—shipowner, shell-maker or whatever you please; but we are all tired of the word "profiteer"—to his beat, whence he could return in a day or two minus the cobwebs, able to face worries with a brain blown clear by the incomparable Highland air; what he wanted, and got, was not rest but recreation, of which the secret is an engrossing occupation. Even distant Thurso and Helmsdale were not too far off, but the river which *par excellence* meets such exigencies is the Tay. Beats are often available for a few days: the best of the water is within easy reach of Perth and therefore of most other places; while from Stanley the proverbial biscuit can almost be tossed into the finest of spring pools, to wit "Pitlochry," from whose depths a certain noble lady once conjured six heavy April fish, starting after luncheon, all killed by fair casting. Not that "harling" is unfair: it is an admirable method devised to cover certain stretches of water in which either the current does not lend itself to efficient casting or the fish are so scattered that the more sporting operation would involve an impossible waste of time. We may, and do, most of us, dislike having to harl: we cannot but admire the science involved in its proper execution: dull it may be when there is "nothing doing," but when two fish are hooked simultaneously, as sometimes happens, three rods seized and "sorted," decks cleared for action in a few seconds, a spot selected for beaching the boat, landing accomplished, fish played and gaffed, there is no room for dullness.

The Tay, draining some 2,000 square miles, was described by the late Sir A. Geikie as carrying the largest volume of water in Great Britain: its length is 100 miles as defined at the estuary after various ancient lawsuits, and it shares with such rivals as the Dee and Spey the quality of high birth. Its infantile beginning, the Fillan water, rises on Ben Laogh, "hill of calves," near the Argyll border, and falls some 2,500ft. in its earliest eleven miles. For the above figures I have to dip into my friend Mr. Calderwood's official account of our salmon rivers, which, unlike most official productions, is redolent of fresh air and water, not of a stuffy office.

Unlike the Dee, whose icily begotten waters are untempered by the influence of lochs, the Tay is fed by three large basins, *i.e.*, its own loch and Lochs Garry and Tummel, to which Loch Lyon may be added. This fact probably accounts for the run of early fish, so early that even the pools in the Lyon are stocked in January. It seems but a few years since the spring fishing in the Tay was regarded almost as negligible: large stretches were rented at a lower figure than now has to be paid for a small three days a week beat; the old rents could easily be recovered by the sale of the fish caught. Even now, enhanced though the rents are, the number of rod-caught fish is so much greater than formerly that the prices realised for his surplus go far to recoup the successful angler. It seems unfortunate that, if things go wrong, the angler is hit both ways: no fish either to play or to sell.

Possibly the glories of autumn fishing, now sadly dimmed by a sequence of adverse weather conditions in the later months, blinded the eyes of the angler to the possibilities of the Tay as a spring river: certainly, a few

years ago, spring fishing was much less popular than it has since become. As a general proposition it was credited with discomforts and even hardships which, as far as the Tay is concerned, are either rare or wholly imaginary. Here is none of the bleakness inseparable from early fishing on such rivers as the Naver or Thurso, flowing between naked banks, making the unsheltered angler feel so small and thin and cold. I have seen the Naver in February freezing his pools at the head by the time the tail is dug free from ice, the fly itself freezing when removed from the human mouth, the thermometer standing at 11deg. Fahr. one day and at 52deg. Fahr. the next; result, a flood inundating the strath and endangering the wooden houses then newly built by the repatriated crofters, that community whose warlike devotion has since proved one of the wonders in a warlike land.

Though angling begins on the Tay as early after January 15th as the angler pleases, and fish are to be caught in plenty at that early date, given proper conditions, the season extends nowadays well into May. April can be a lovely month on that river, a month containing many days on which the angler can enjoy his angling and many other things as well, each hour bringing fresh attractions of life in process of birth: each colour the mark of youth and health, not of that decay which makes the blaze of autumn so sad, for all its gaiety. True, one fishes mostly from a boat, which one may be pardoned for preferring to that detestable wading; but one lands often, not merely when a fish is to be gaffed or luncheon eaten, but to change to the boat on the next pool. These interim walks are always delightful, as is the occasional siesta in the sun: nothing except a sermon makes one so sleepy as fishing. And with the coming of May we can begin to dally with smaller flies, finer casts, and more delicate work altogether. A year shortly before the war—in fact, I think it was 1913—produced the record catch, so far as individual days go, in the first week of that month; the very best days just when one used to think the season over. And the best, on this occasion, were wonderfully good. On May 1st the upper beat of Upper Scone yielded fifteen fish averaging close on 16lb.; while on the following day the catch on this same water was sixteen, weighing just under 240lb. One of the anglers was, I believe, a lady unaccustomed to such "crowded hours." It would be ungallant to suggest that the total would have been even greater had one of the more brutal sex occupied her place; but it is a pretty brutal business, this rapid handling of fish in a wide and heavy water. Mr. Charles Murray of Taymount, a little way above the scene of these holocausts, has killed a 48-pounder in a quarter of an hour; but the manner of Mr. Murray's fishing used to make us all green with envy. In that same season the Tummel, rising from Loch Ba in Blackmount Forest and conveying its own and the Garry's water into the Tay at Ballinluig, also eclipsed its previous best. On the Faskally beats about 180 spring fish were killed, averaging approximately 17lb.; heaviest fish 32lb. On the Tay itself, this wonderful spring season totalled all but 3,000 fish, weighing over 48,000lb. Figures are a dull affair, but as a sample of what can be done in autumn it may be recorded that an angler, now dead, finished a season not so very long ago by landing sixteen fish averaging 17lb. Not that this was unheard of: already on the same water—Stobhall—on two occasions twenty fish had been killed by a single rod fishing from Taymount; but the peculiar facts about the exploit in question were that all these fish, killed on the last day of the season, took the same fly in the same pool.

This miraculous draught of fishes in the spring was followed by such a miraculous drought of weather in autumn as to make the late fishing almost a record for paucity of results. The catch, small in numbers, included four fish

of 40lb. or over; the two heaviest, 51lb. and 46½lb., were killed by casting; the fly in each case a small one, Wilkinson and Dusty Miller respectively. The latter is, or anyway was, about the best Tay fly in the earlier months, sharing the honours with the Black Dog. The angler may meanwhile have changed his taste: less probably the salmon. Here we come up against the "no colour" theory, advanced by that school of anglers holding that to the fish the form alone of the fly as presented is distinguishable, all colours being in the circumstances the same. Tacklemakers regard these theorists as heretics, but then they are not entirely disinterested in their views. At any rate it would seem reasonable to suggest, in no controversial spirit, that one or two turns of silk more or less, a slight variation in the shade of a hackle, the little spot of colour afforded by the time-honoured addition of a jungle-fowl's feather, cannot matter much in a fly hurled into the seething waters of Hell's Hole Corner.

Such was the number of fish crowding the estuary when the netting stopped on August 20th of the season referred to, waiting for water which did not come till too late, as to make it a matter of deep regret that a petition presented on behalf of expectant anglers by the Tay District Fishery Board to the Secretary for Scotland, praying for an extension of the rod-fishing to October 31st, was disregarded. "If ever there was a season," wrote a correspondent, "when an extension should have been granted, this certainly was one. It is difficult to say why it should have been refused." Difficult also, it may be added, to see why Whitehall ignorance should have been allowed to overrule local knowledge and where the authority and utility of a District Fishery

Board come in, if their advice is to be so lightly put aside.

The boatmen employed on the Tay to assist anglers or work the nets (for both departments are now controlled by the syndicate, and conducted more or less in harmony rather than antagonistically, as formerly) are a fine lot of men, belonging largely to a hereditary caste composed of such families as the Haggarts, Pantons and Thomases. I have seen one of them perform a feat often regarded as a monopoly of the Red Indian gaffer, plunging his 6ft. gaff and his arm to the elbow into a turmoil of foam, to pull out a heavy fish impaled with accuracy. Scientific harlers are they too, varying in their respective methods and most punctilious in such matters as length of line employed and depth at which fly or bait must swim. It is probably this practice of harling which has influenced the division of beats on the Tay; a section comprising two beats is divided into halves to be fished on alternate days by the respective tenants. On most other rivers the division is drawn down the centre of the stream instead of across it, an arrangement which can lead to considerable annoyance. Nobody likes to find, on arriving at his beat, a gillie from the opposite bank slinging a be-triangled gudgeon under his very nose.

There is some very respectable angling on the Tay open to the public. In 1907 a citizen of Perth took a fish of 61lb. from the water below the bridge, while higher up, as far as the Woody Island, permits are granted to decent folk. The enthusiasm of these "public" anglers seems never to tempt them to overstep the limit of courtesy to each other. It is a pleasure to watch them. D. H. C.

HANDICAPPING IN MATCH-PLAY TOURNAMENTS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

MR. F. M. RICHARDSON did exceedingly well in winning the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews, for there is always a strong field, and it is a competition which takes a good deal of winning. He won it also in 1913, and since that year the tournament has been in abeyance. Two other players, Mr. MacFie and Mr. H. S. Colt, have two wins to their credit, but no one before Mr. Richardson has succeeded in winning twice running. He is a thoroughly good golfer and an almost passionately eager student of styles and methods. This last quality is not always an unmixed blessing to its possessor, but Mr. Richardson seems to have the gift of experimenting without disorganising his game. It is not everyone who can take an intense interest in style and yet remember the cardinal fact that "the ball must be hit."

In the earlier rounds of the tournament it appeared as if, for once in a way, it was more blessed to receive than to give strokes. Of the two back-markers, Mr. de Montmorency and Mr. H. E. Taylor, who each owed three strokes, Mr. Taylor disappeared at once, and Mr. de Montmorency only survived two rounds, and Mr. Vivian Pollock, who owed two, was also beaten early. Mr. Richardson, however, rescued the honour of the plus players and provided one more bit of evidence that in match-play tournaments under handicap those who are rated at scratch or better have the best chance of surviving. The records of this particular tournament show that it has been won ten times by plus players, six times by scratch players and eleven times by those receiving strokes. Of those eleven, two had a handicap of seven, and that is the largest allowance that any winner has received. Taking the Calcutta Cup and the Jubilee Vase together, the former played for the first time in 1885, the latter in 1887, there has been only one winner with a handicap in double figures, namely, Major Craigie, who won the Calcutta Cup in 1885 with an allowance of twelve.

It looks as if in these statistics the long handicap players might find fair materials for a grievance. It may certainly be said that they have a far better chance in a medal than they have in a match-play tournament. I have myself, if I may be allowed a small boast, just won a match-play tournament under handicap in Wales. I have won it twice before owing some strokes, and I have always thought before starting that I had quite a good chance. In a medal round on the same course, with a fairly large field, I am modest enough to regard my chances as negligible. If I had more statistics at hand I think I could pile up a good deal more evidence to the same effect.

The qualities needed for winning these two kinds of competition differ to some extent. To win a medal a man must play one really good round. To win a match-play tournament he need very likely never play a brilliant round, but he must play, as a rule, five or six pretty good ones. A scratch player in good practice should be able to do this, but it implies a degree of steady-

ness beyond the reach of most people with longish handicaps. Again, the long handicap player selects, as a rule, for his partner in a medal round one of his own class. He has no overwhelming display of skill to terrify him—nothing but the card and pencil, though Heaven knows that they are terrifying enough. In the match-play tournament, on the other hand, he will sooner or later come up against someone who, apart from his allowance, will thoroughly outplay him, and he may also have the unaccustomed compliment of a crowd to watch him—two circumstances all in favour of his more distinguished adversary. I can recall several cases of players starting with such a flourish of trumpets in the first round or two that everyone has cried out that they were far too generously handicapped. Yet they all fell down in the end, and someone near the scratch mark who has been muddling along somehow, just winning his matches at the last hole, has emerged victorious at last. Which scratch man wins may be rather a matter of luck. "A" may strike an opponent who is playing a game such as it is practically impossible to give the strokes to, and then "A" disappears abruptly. "B" may meet that same opponent in the very next round when he is hitting the ball all along the ground. So much the better for "B." He may not really be so good as "A"; but the point is that one of them generally wins in the end.

The golfers with long handicaps, who are greatly in the majority, might go out on strike on this question. If so, they would presumably demand to receive the full difference in handicap and not the present allowance of three-quarters of the difference. I believe that some years ago the experiment of giving the full difference was tried at Westward Ho! and answered well: the givers of strokes were still able reasonably to hold their own. I am not surprised that this was so. Westward Ho! is as severely testing a course as exists. When we consider the length and difficulty of the holes, the bigness of the bunkers, the spikiness of the rushes, the intensity of the winds, we see that it is essentially a course to favour the better player. On the other hand, on a nice, trim, flat little inland course, smoothly shaven, with no hummocks and sheltered from the winds, it is hard enough work to give three-quarters of the difference. The full difference might break the back of the scratch man altogether.

The fact is, I think, that the advantage and simplicity of having a uniform rule for courses utterly unlike each other must work badly now and again. The match-play tournaments that we hear most about are played by the sea, where courses are difficult and winds tempestuous, and so the giver of points has the best of it. If they were played on the ordinary type of inland course the results might be different. It might be most equitable to have different systems for different courses, but it would also be rather confusing. At present the receiver of strokes seems to acquiesce very meekly in the fact that he is generally beaten. Perhaps it is a pity to incite him to revolt.